

# The Listener

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Barbara Jones



PERICLES c. 490-429 B.C. Athenian statesman and one of the greatest leaders, in times both of prosperity and adversity, that the world has known.  
The drawing is after a bust in the British Museum.

*In industry to-day organisation and enterprise and even the greatest of resources are brought to fulfilment only through the agency of a universal spirit of leadership.*

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# The Listener

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## The Control of Inflation

By LIONEL ROBBINS

DURING the last two years our experience in the financial sphere has not been at all happy. We have seen the balance of payments turn against us and prices continue to rise. And even when some sort of brake has been applied the effects have been slow and indecisive. Today we are not sure that prices will remain stable. We do not know from month to month whether we shall be gaining gold or losing it. In consequence we are tending to lose confidence in the policies we have been pursuing.

Three or four years ago the opinion was often expressed that we had discovered the remedy for our difficulties. Today we are more likely to hear the view that no remedy has yet been discovered. A short survey, therefore, of the recent evolution of thought on these matters may help establish a better perspective.

If we cast our minds back to the war years, it must surely be admitted that one of the most singular features of that time was the lack of thought about the dangers of inflation afterwards. Needless to say, there was much concern about the problem of preventing the war-time inflation from getting out of hand; much ingenuity was devoted to devising controls to restrict demand and neutralise excess purchasing power. But the idea that this problem would persist in an acute form after the end of the war was seldom in men's minds. The historian of the future, when he comes to deal with this period, will be struck by the odd fact that reconstruction planning, whether on the official or the private level, was largely based on the assumption that deflation rather than inflation was the problem. So deeply had the disagreeable experiences of the nineteen-thirties bitten into our memories that we were unable to conceive of a state of affairs in which in peace time

aggregate spending tended continually to outrun aggregate production. It is true that there were honourable exceptions: I think particularly of the warnings of Sir Ralph Hawtrey. But they were voices crying in the wilderness. If anyone doubts this, let him look at the statutes of the International Monetary Fund or the background of literature which preceded the framing of these statutes. The whole constitution is cast in a form which assumes that the fundamental aim of policy is the prevention of deflation.

It is not surprising that in such an atmosphere little thought was given to the technical problems of controlling inflation. Admittedly, some people foresaw that inflationary pressure would persist at any rate until war expenditure came to an end. But the dominating view seems to have been that the matter could be dealt with by continuing wartime controls and the policy of Budget surpluses. In the event, this belief proved to be ill-founded, not merely because the inflationary pressure proved stronger and much more persistent than most people had expected, but also because the mechanics of control themselves proved to be inappropriate or inadequate.

Let us look into the reasons for this. Take first the methods of direct control. I certainly do not want to imply that these methods were uncalled for immediately after the war. I am not one of those who think it would have been a good thing to have abandoned all rationing, all price control, all allocation of materials, the moment the whistle blew. I have not much confidence in such methods in more normal conditions; but at such times of intense disturbance I think they have a role to play. I think it is arguable, for instance, that part, if only part, of the rapid increase of our exports may have been facilitated in this way.

Nevertheless, unless you are willing greatly to increase the coercive element in the running of the economy, the effectiveness of direct control will inevitably tend to deteriorate as war gives way to peace. For one thing, spontaneous discipline disappears; the sense of emergency which made so many orders and regulations tolerably effective without extensive policing necessarily goes; and to enforce the same rules would require a much more extensive apparatus of survey. Secondly, the number of objectives is enormously multiplied. The uses of materials to be controlled become much more diversified; the things that people want to do with their own resources are much more various. A mechanism which worked tolerably well when the main objectives were war supply and the maintenance of minimum civilian standards becomes intolerably cumbersome when the targets are more numerous. Hence there is a cumulative tendency for controls to be relaxed—and that not for ideological but for purely practical reasons. It was not because they were averse to direct controls as such, that Labour Ministers permitted and even facilitated an immense economic demobilisation.

Hence as time went on, and one direct control after another tended to be discarded or loosened, the main surviving instrument for keeping inflation in check was the Budget, the so-called fiscal method—the method of withdrawing spending power, budgeting for a surplus, and using the proceeds to pay off debt. Let me say at once that I have nothing against the use of the fiscal method. On the contrary, I think that in present conditions it is indispensable. I can conceive methods of inflation control which operate without Budget surpluses. But I find it hard to believe that by themselves they would be likely to be effective in circumstances similar to those in which we have been living for the past ten years: think of the height to which interest rates would have had to have risen to control investment in the absence of budgetary surpluses.

### Unreliable Weapon?

Nevertheless I venture to suggest that by itself the fiscal method is an unreliable and inadequate weapon. I think this can be shown as a matter of pure theory and supported by appeal to experience. Consider, first, the way in which the fiscal method has to be planned. The Budget surplus is supposed to cover a prospective inflationary gap whose size is determined by estimates of future production, future income, and future propensities to save and to spend. Now while there can be no doubt that we know much more than we used to know about the past movements of such aggregates, there can be equally no doubt that all attempts to project such movement into the future and to estimate the tendency of things even six months ahead must be in the nature of guesswork. It is just not true that we are in possession of rules which guarantee that we guess correctly. Add to this the equally undeniable fact that normally there is only one budget every twelve months, and that even in time of crisis it is not practicable to have more than two, and you are forced to conclude that, for substantial periods, we cannot afford to rely on fiscal methods alone.

There is a further difficulty here which is well illustrated by our own experience. The fiscal method is working against the grain, and is therefore liable to break down, if no attempt is made to control the volume of purchasing power. If no attempt is made to adjust interest rates to a level which will prevent inflationary expenditure, if the money supply is, so to speak, passive to the needs of trade, then you are asking far more of fiscal policy than it can be legitimately expected to do, and inflation must be expected to continue.

It was a long time before these simple truths were appreciated. They were, of course, the axioms of the policy of an earlier age. But with the disillusionment which followed the failure of monetary policy to cure the deflation of the 'thirties, it was widely assumed that monetary policy was no use at all—the baby of incontestable platitude being thrown out with the bathwater of undue optimism. Thus it was that for more than five years, with our balance of payments continually tending to be adverse, with prices and incomes tending to rise, with money stocks swollen by war-time hoarding, and with an abnormally high return on investment, we jogged along with a Bank rate unaltered since the late 'thirties and with a credit base whose size was entirely determined by the desire of borrowers to borrow. Even when, in 1949, the perilous expedient was adopted of a sharp devaluation of the currency, the Bank rate remained unaltered. I do not wish to be understood as criticising the policy of devaluation—which I still think to have been necessary. But I have never been able to understand the frame of mind in which it was possible to decide upon devaluation, without at the

same time doing anything in the monetary sphere to offset its obvious inflationary consequences.

As we all know, this frame of mind came to an end in 1951. In that year, following the rerudescence of inflationary difficulties, there was an abrupt reversal of policy; monetary controls in the sense of restraints to movements of Bank rate and control of the credit base were rehated as instruments of policy. Suddenly it seems to have dawned upon the authorities that, although you cannot directly influence the rate of spending by monetary policy, yet control of the volume of money on the terms on which it can be borrowed can exercise a powerful indirect influence. This sudden reversal happened not only in this country but in many other parts of the world; and I think it is no accident that, whenever it was adopted, the situation improved and the inflation tendency to come under control.

### Fear about the Future of Prices

So far so good. But now we have to take account of the fact that recent years in this country things have not gone so well. From 1951 to 1953 the balance of payments position was comparatively favourable and what tendency there was for prices to rise might have been regarded as terminal adjustments at the end of an inflationary period. But in 1954 the balance of payments began to deteriorate once more; prices continued to rise; and although the balance of payments has since shown some recovery, there is still some fear regarding the future of prices.

Obviously the situation has not responded to the measures which have been taken as speedily or as extensively as might have been wished. Indeed, in some quarters there has been talk of a breakdown of monetary policy and some scepticism about our capacity to hold even the comparatively poor position which has so far been achieved. There can be no doubt that it has been disappointing. It is disappointing that years after the war we should still be plagued by inflationary tendencies and that the state of the balance of payments should still be so uncertain. But I see no reason why monetary control should be blamed for failure in this respect, and I see much reason to explain it in terms of other things which have been done at the same time and a failure to apply monetary policy in ways likely to make it sufficiently effective. Let me try to develop this a little.

First, as regard other policies. It is clear that the capacity of any of interest rates to control any given situation depends upon how strong the urge to spend happens to be at that particular moment. A structure of interest rates which will preserve stability of prices, with a Budget surplus of a certain size, may prove inadequate if that surplus is given away. In the period under discussion, the strength of the forces to be controlled was considerably enhanced by certain budgetary easements—the institution of investment allowances and the reduction of rates of taxation. Any increase of monetary pressure which was applied at that time had therefore to overcome influences which were operating in the other direction before it could show any positive effect.

Then with regard to monetary policy itself, it is my strong impression that throughout this period it has erred in respect both of magnitude and of timing. For a great part of the period it has tended to be too little and too late. It was months before any action at all was taken and at subsequent stages there was the same appearance of hesitancy and reluctance to go beyond any minimum which sanguine expectations could justify.

### Difficulty in Restricting Credit

But beyond this there has been a real difficulty in the application of monetary policy which earlier analysis had not detected and which recent experience had not brought to light. In modern conditions, the operation of the traditional mechanism of central banking control can be made considerably more difficult by the existence of large amounts of short-term government debt. This fact had been concealed by the almost immediate success of the monetary controls applied in 1949, when external conditions were specially favourable. This is a highly technical matter, and for details I must refer you to the discussions which have recently been taking place in the banking journals.\* But long and short of it is that because Treasury Bills can always be turned into cash, it may be difficult to bring about an adequate restriction of credit unless steps are taken to diminish the volume of Treasury Bills outstanding. That is to say that debt policy must be adequately geared to general monetary policy if the one is to upset the other. It is clear in recent years that this has not been the case. In the summer of 1955, short-term borrowing by the Govern-

\* See especially 'The Floating Debt Problem', by W. Manning Dacey (*Lloyd's Bank Review*, April 1956); and 'Basic Principles and Modern Mechanism', by R. Alford and F. (The Banker, August 1956)

behalf of nationalised industry not fully subject to financial control is working against the policy of credit restriction. There is a further possibility which should be mentioned in this connection. It is often said that the inflation of recent years owes its origin to the movement of wage rates. The struggle of the trade unions improve their members' standard of life pushes up wage-rates, and the movements of the price level and the general inflationary position is a consequence.

I do not take this view. I do not deny that a sequence of this sort is conceivable; and I would not deny that it might become a danger. But my judgement the inflation of the last ten years has been predominantly an inflation on the demand side. An insufficient control on the volume of spending by consumers and investors, both private and public, has brought about an excess of demand over supply in the labour market so intense that it would have been a miracle if wages had not risen. I think that the spectacle of employers bidding against one another to attract labour is evidence of this state of affairs.

I think too that it is shown by the tendency of earnings to rise faster than wage rates. It is not the misdemeanours of bodies of employers or employed which have been responsible for inflation. It has been the failure of governments to exercise adequate control of the volume of money and the rate at which it is spent.

To sum up: I see nothing in the history of the last three years which leads me to think that, properly used and co-ordinated, the twin instruments of fiscal and monetary control are incapable of controlling inflation. The shortcomings and disappointments have been due to a lack of co-ordination and a failure to act with sufficient decision; and these are faults which it is possible to remedy. Now that we are in the midst of an international political crisis, it is of course difficult to make any prediction. But, Suez apart, I should hope that the measures which have already been taken, however belated, would go far to rectify the position. On that view, the problem of the next few months would be as much to guard against relaxation as to bring about any further tightening of the screw.—*Third Programme*

## The Future of Independent Morocco

By EDWARD BEHR

THE most striking thing about Morocco today is the complete lack of tension. It is difficult to imagine that only a year ago terrorism and organised armed rebellion had brought normal everyday life virtually to a standstill. The second most surprising thing, to a visitor returning after a lengthy absence, is the apparent lack of change: French troops and police are as numerous as ever; French business community is carrying on much as usual, and in Moroccan public services Frenchmen continue to play a prominent part.

But independence has meant more than the mere substitution of one for another, and it is not by chance that Moroccans refer to the attainment of their independence as 'revolution'. One of the reasons why, on the surface, Morocco looks very much the same is because the 'revolution' occurred at such a pace that few of the problems normally faced before a country acquires full independence have yet been dealt with. For instance, Morocco only has the nucleus of an army, which itself is largely French-officered; the migration of Tangiers and the Spanish zone of Morocco—which have both come under the Sultan's authority—is far from complete; there is a desperate shortage of technicians of all kinds, which explains the predominance of Frenchmen at all levels of the administration, whether in the police, customs, or public health departments.

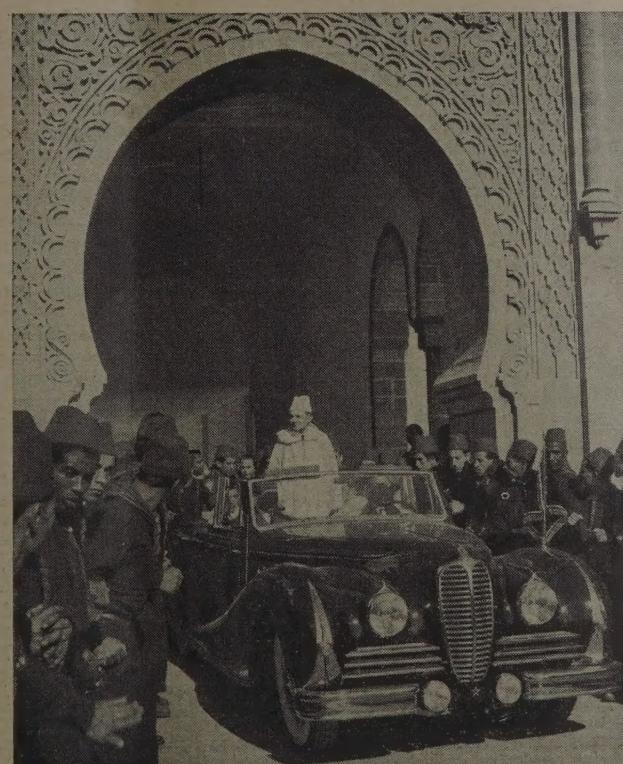
How has Morocco fared in its first six months, and what are its chances of success? In the first place, Morocco is once more a peaceful country. In a surprisingly short space of time, the Sultan has succeeded in disbanding the army of liberation, in reasserting his authority over a number of tribesmen who had taken advantage of the disturbances to eject centralised authority. The army of liberation—this army of exiled Moroccan nationalists, with a strong sprinkling of army deserters and tough mountain tribesmen—was in full-scale operations against

the French in the Riff mountains of northern Morocco in 1955. It was by no means certain, when the Sultan returned to the throne, that they would agree to a cease-fire, and a number of their leaders wanted to cross the frontier to swell the ranks of the Algerian rebels. The remnants of this army have moved to the extreme south in the hope of carrying on the war against the French in the Sahara desert. But apart from one minor skirmish about two months ago, there has been no violence.

When the Sultan returned to Morocco in November last year, he found the provincial administration largely in the hands of French *protégés* who had joined the Glaoui of Marrakesh in organising the campaign which had led to his removal in 1953. A few of these notables left of their own accord for France, and a handful were murdered. Others were dismissed and replaced by those who had remained loyal to the Sultan. But the new men no longer enjoy the wide powers of their predecessors. In Morocco there is no parliament, and of course no electoral roll, but as a first move on the long road to democracy the Sultan has set up independent courts to hear cases which the governors formerly decided for themselves.

Morocco's chief problem is an economic one. It is a country of great potential wealth, but the unrest of the last three years has meant the draining away from Morocco of capital for long-term investment. Although the business community remains, it has taken a cautious, wait-and-see attitude, and the big corporations have on the whole kept just enough money in the country to keep their concerns going, while many of the smaller firms have closed. This recession has caused a rise in prices and in the rate of unemployment.

The Moroccan Government has realised that its first task is to instil sufficient confidence to get this capital back again, in order to carry on with the investments on which the



Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef of Morocco leaving the mosque in Rabat after his restoration to the throne last November

future of the country depends. And so the Sultan, who, as absolute ruler, has the sole powers of appointing and dismissing his Ministers, has used his great influence to prevent the extreme nationalists, who would like to see the last of every French soldier and official, from having their way.

The Sultan realises that economic stability in Morocco largely depends on its French colony, and their continued presence in Morocco in turn depends on that of the French army. So, all along the line, the Moroccan Government's attitude has been one of conciliation and reasonableness. A statute will probably be worked out to enable the French army—about 85,000 strong—to remain on a permanent basis. Morocco has never been very close to the rest of the Arab world, and the Sultan and his Government have been careful to remain uncommitted in the present Suez crisis, while official statements on the

situation in Algeria have been remarkably moderate. The Government has remained cautious, too, on the issue of nationalisation, and political leaders have stressed that their aim is to go no further than what has been achieved in this field in France.

So the future of Morocco largely depends on the continued success of the Sultan. At the moment, his prestige is enormous. There is no organised opposition to him. But there does exist, on the lunatic fringe of the main political party, the Istiq-Lal, a group of men who are prepared to sacrifice their country's material prosperity in order to align with the Arab bloc against the West. They cannot act at the moment without splitting the party and challenging the Sultan. But they may decide that the risk will be worth taking later if Morocco's economic difficulties take a turn for the worse, leading to widespread social discontent and a search for scapegoats.

—‘At Home and Abroad’ (Home Service)

## Second Thoughts on Western Europe

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

**T**O many Englishmen Europe is another name for ‘abroad’; the idea that Britain is a part of Europe, that people like the Americans think of Britain as being recognisably one of a group of nations with common European characteristics, is something that causes surprise. Thus the newspapers say, for instance: ‘Britain agrees to co-operate with western Europe’, or ‘Europe sends emissary to Britain’: the image immediately conveyed is of two castles, perhaps uncomfortably close together, but separated by at least a couple of walls and a moat. Certainly, the geographical propinquity counts for nothing, so far as people's feelings are concerned. To refer to nations on the Continent of Europe as ‘neighbours’ is to use a figure of speech; there is no natural warmth in it.

These attitudes were faithfully reflected in British government policies during the first ten years after the war. Britain was prepared to make considerable sacrifices in order to relieve the destitution on the Continent of Europe, to help in rebuilding the national communities which had been shattered by the war, and later to collaborate in the international organisations set up in Paris under the Marshall Plan. But all this was done rather in the manner of a distant relative, with an interest in good works; never as a member of the family. The British approach to Europe, in fact, approximated most closely to that of the United States; and the Americans never ceased to be surprised at this, because they persisted in thinking of the British as Europeans. But in spite of some forcible American promptings at various times during this post-war decade, Britain consistently refused to come in and join the happy family. I am not suggesting that the refusal was entirely a matter of sentiment. There appeared at the time to be good practical grounds for it. Britain was strong, united, and orderly; while on the Continent people had lost faith in their national governments and were casting round for something else to give them an illusory sense of security. British governments, both Labour and Conservative, also objected most vigorously to the idea of a Third Force, which guided, or was thought to guide, the thinking of some of the enthusiasts for a united Europe.

### Reaction to the Schuman Proposals

So when it came to the first full-blooded practical scheme of European integration—I mean the original Schuman Plan for setting up a European Coal and Steel Community—it was a foregone conclusion that Britain would turn it down. This was in 1950-51, when in spite of some hard knocks in the early post-war years, Britain's material as well as moral superiority *vis-à-vis* the rest of Europe seemed unchallengeable. The practical business man's answer to the Schuman proposals, as reflected, for instance, in the attitude of the British Iron and Steel Federations, was brief and to the point—‘We have the markets: you want them’. The same sort of answer was given again five years later, when the European Community countries started to move into the field of atomic energy. This time, what Britain had was the technical know-how in advance of the Continent. It seemed inevitable that the other continental plan, for the creation of a common European market without customs barriers, would meet with the same negative response. It did,

initially, when the scheme began to take shape in the middle of 1955. Indeed, the act of negation was unusually energetic. At the beginning of December last year the governments of the six countries which were working together on the plan for a European customs union were startled to receive a diplomatic Note from Britain setting out this country's objections to the whole idea.

### The European Common Market

That was less than a year ago. Today, the British Government is proposing to join up with this European Common Market. There is no formal commitment yet, it is true, but an entirely new principle has been accepted, at any rate as a basis for negotiations. This is that Britain should work towards a special and exclusive trade relations with a group of nations which are not part of the Commonwealth. Moreover, while the Commonwealth trading system works on trade preferences—which means usually that British exports have to pay customs duties in these markets, though at a lower rate than competitors outside the Commonwealth—the European system aims at the complete elimination of duties within the group. The European scheme, in fact, aims at a much more closely integrated trading group, within which individual members are more firmly committed to the policy of the open door, regardless of the effect on domestic industries, than anything in the Commonwealth has ever envisaged.

Thus this move is, in fact, a complete *volte-face*. Moreover, it is a move in which the Government has pushed out way ahead of the thinking of the people who elected it. It may be that this is exactly where a government ought normally to be. All I can say is that it is extremely unusual to find it there. How did this sudden change of front happen, and why? The whole thing has been so unexpected that continental statesmen, who had for years been vainly urging Britain to take her natural place as the leader of a united Europe, refused at first to take it seriously. Even now, some of them still seem to be wondering whether there is not some catch in it.

Yet the signs of the intellectual upheaval which accompanied this revolution in policy have been apparent for some time past. If they were missed it is because the new thinking was taken at levels which reporters do not usually look for new thought—in the Cabinet, in the upper reaches of the Civil Service, and in the élite press. It was a gradual process, too, and its origins go back well beyond the beginning of this year. One underlying influence of great importance has been the growing disappointment with the Commonwealth as an export market for British goods during the nineteen-fifties. While other markets, particularly in Europe and in North America, have been expanding very fast indeed, the sterling Commonwealth—that is, everything including Canada—has remained almost static. Even in North America British exports have had far more success in the United States than in Canada, in spite of the low Canadian tariff on many British products benefiting from imperial preference. Elsewhere in the Commonwealth the trouble has not been in the main that British exporters have failed to hold their share of the market, but rather that import trade a

has failed to expand. This is not because of a failure of economic development in the sterling Commonwealth. On the contrary, its output and productive capacity have grown faster than the experts thought immediately after the war. If anything, these countries tend to themselves into trouble by being too dynamic. Australia is the best familiar example of a Commonwealth country which invests so much and expands so fast that it has run into a succession of balance-of-payments crises. The import cuts that have followed have been particularly damaging for British trade.

This is a world-wide problem; the difficulties of Australia and other members of the Commonwealth are only manifestations of a deeper change in the whole structure of international trade. For one reason another the earning power of agricultural countries, relying on exports of primary produce, has not risen nearly as fast as that of the industrial countries in western Europe and North America. The result is that many of these primary producing countries have had to restrict their imports. The recent growth of international trade has depended on the tremendous increase in the exchange of goods among the industrial countries themselves, particularly in western Europe.

The extraordinary revival of western Europe as a trading area in the nineteen-fifties, coupled with the disappointments in the Commonwealth, have undoubtedly played a large part in the new turn in the British policy. The situation is the exact opposite of the nineteen-thirties when international trade was seized up by the protectionism of western Europe, and British exporters managed to find relief only by turning to a preferential trading area in the Commonwealth. There is no doubt that still in 1950, when Britain showed a complete lack of interest in the Schuman Plan, the nineteen-thirties picture of what international trade was like remained the dominant influence behind British commercial policy. Today there is much less certainty about the over-riding value of the preferential markets in the Commonwealth.

### Potential Third Force

Of course, the past few years have also seen the come-back of continental western Europe, and of Germany in the centre of it, as a factor in world affairs. In 1950 the Continent looked a great deal less important than it does today. Many Englishmen had written it off altogether in terms of international power or influence. Today, although few people on this side of the Channel would admit it, it is no longer so foolish as to think of western Europe as a potential Third Force, with a status analogous to that of the Commonwealth in the period immediately preceding the second world war. It is worth remembering in this connection that Britain is now firmly committed by treaty to keeping several divisions of troops stationed on the Continent until the end of this century, while America is not.

The position of Germany is obviously crucial in all this. There is, above all, the problem of tying a strong and increasingly restive German state as firmly as possible to the West. This would be easier if they were members of a west European Common Market. On the other hand, we should not underrate the purely psychological effect of Germany's progress on British policy. The British Government has in the past five or six years watched the Germans make an uninterrupted advance in power and influence. These have been years in which events have tended to remind Britain increasingly of her own reduced status as a Great Power. The trouble here, it has been felt, is mainly economic. Meanwhile the German success has been achieved by a simple formula of economic prosperity; high investment at home and expanding exports abroad. The proposed customs union with France, Italy, and the Benelux countries, which began to be planned last year, would almost certainly consolidate German economic hegemony on the Continent of Europe—and do so in a sense which would probably be hostile to Britain's trading interests. For Britain it really seems to come to a choice between trying to break up the European Common Market or competing with Germany for the leadership of it. It is not perhaps generally realised is that the British Government had with the first alternative before turning finally to the second. Apart from these broad considerations, there have been a number of specific influences, all bending British policy in the same general direction. There was first the failure of the policy of sterling convertibility. Making the pound convertible was intended, among other things, to bring the pressure of international competition to bear sharply on the British economy. This would have been done chiefly by lifting the restrictions on dollar imports and allowing them to compete freely with goods in the British market. When this plan was given up last year the economic Ministers in the Government began to cast round

for something to put in its place. The competitive pressures of a customs-free area including Germany will certainly be no less than those which would have come from lifting the quota restrictions on American imports into this country. As it turns out, the new alternative will allow us to discriminate against dollar imports even more sharply than in the past, using tariffs as well as quota restrictions.

### Ottawa Agreement in Reverse?

Another influence on policy has been the evidence of the new trend in Commonwealth trade, which was brought out most sharply by the successful export drive of Indian textiles in the British market. Here, indeed, was something which looked very much like the Ottawa Agreement of 1932 in reverse. That agreement was based on a theory of complementary trading within the Commonwealth, with British manufacturers being exchanged against the food and primary produce of the Commonwealth. But India meanwhile has become an importer of food and an exporter of manufactured goods. And her most promising outlet as a manufacturer of cheap consumer goods is in the British market, where her exporters will, for the most part, have the privilege of duty-free entry under imperial preference.

Plainly, Britain has no commercial interest at all in maintaining this kind of privilege once the old basis of reciprocal advantage is gone. But, on the other hand, as the British market for imported food is limited by the protection of home agriculture, and at the same time as the Commonwealth countries grow up and develop their own industries, the drive inwards of Commonwealth manufacturers must be expected to grow. The British proposal to join the European free trade area may be regarded as being, in a roundabout way, an answer to this threat. The proposal as it now stands envisages the exclusion of all food, drink, and tobacco in which the Commonwealth has an interest. Their preferential tariffs in these products will be fully maintained. But in manufactured goods the Commonwealth countries must look forward to the steady whittling away of their preferences as the present tariffs levied by Britain on European imports are gradually reduced over a period of twelve years, till they finally disappear altogether.

In a sense, therefore, the new proposal is an assertion by Britain of her determination to go on playing the Ottawa Agreement in the old way. Although the special position of Commonwealth trade appears to be safeguarded by various devices in the plan for a European free trade area, it seems to me that in the long run the consequences of the scheme must be that the commercial link between Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth will tend to be loosened. This follows, I think, from a simple comparison of the two areas, the Commonwealth and the European free trade zone, from a British exporter's point of view. In the former he faces tariffs which, although preferential, are often rather high. Moreover, as domestic industries grow up in these Commonwealth countries, the tendency is to put up the tariffs still higher. The truth is that, apart from Canada, the Commonwealth is a highly protectionist group of countries. In western Europe, by contrast, the British exporter will find a number of rich markets where tariffs are being lowered, and he will be able to plan his production and sales some years ahead in the expectation that they will disappear altogether. Surely, the outcome in these circumstances is likely to be a reorientation of British trade towards Europe.

### Towards a New Political Relationship

The structure of imperial preference has been crumbling for some time, and it will go on crumbling. Moreover, the present Government, if it is true to its own principles, cannot be enamoured of a system which allows the inefficient and uncompetitive British firm to survive on export custom that it obtains through a preferential tariff. Such firms act as a serious drag on the British economy, and the purpose of competition is to eliminate them. The trouble is that the Conservatives must have difficulty in facing the political consequences of their economic choice. The result is that an important political act tends to be presented merely as a piece of economic expediency. However the individual facts may be presented in order to add up to as little as possible, the truth is, as I see it, that Britain is now embarked on a course which will lead to an entirely new political relationship with the Continent of Europe. In order to make the free trade area work with the minimum of friction, there will have to be a large measure of common political policy too. If this is once recognised, the British Government could ditch its inhibitions and make an overt bid now for the political leadership of an integrated western Europe.—*Third Programme*

## Aspects of Africa

## African Leadership on the Copperbelt

By A. L. EPSTEIN

THE Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia comprises a narrow strip of land which runs for about 200 miles along the boundary of the Belgian Congo. Little more than a generation ago it was mostly an area of bush, which carried a small and scattered population of African tribesmen. Today its townships and locations carry a population of some 25,000 Europeans and nearly 250,000 Africans, all of them dependent in one way or another on the copper-mining industry.

## A Great Social Laboratory

There is a sense in which the Copperbelt is one of the great 'social laboratories' of Africa: here one can study in relatively small compass the processes of social change at work over the whole continent. I have been particularly interested, in my own researches, in an aspect of it which has also attracted a great deal of administrative and political attention—in some quarters even alarm. That is the development of trade unionism, particularly among the African mine employees. There is more to this development than a simple matter of Africans learning European methods of organisation and 'copying' them. It has involved a radical break with time-hallowed ideas of authority based on lineage, age, or the possession of certain esoteric knowledge. So the development and acceptance of a new form of leadership has only been gradually achieved; its emergence has to be traced in the protracted struggles for prestige and power which have been a marked feature of the growth of the African Copperbelt communities.

The Africans who first came to the Copperbelt in search of work were not only truly tribal, but were drawn from a host of different tribes, each with its own distinctive body of customs and values. They had no knowledge or experience of urban life: they were a people whose life was bound up in a set of social relations which centred on the land, their kinsmen, village headmen and chiefs. At first they came as migrant labourers. Often they stayed no more than six months before returning to their villages. Even today there is a high degree of coming and going and changing of jobs; but the trend towards more stable settlement in the towns is unmistakable.

From the outset, African mine employees have been housed by the mining companies in vast compounds which are administered by a European Compound Manager and his staff. In the past the Compound Manager was assisted by a body of compound police, upon whom he relied to maintain discipline among the compound-dwellers. The compound police also provided some liaison between the African workers and the management. But this arrangement was found to be not wholly satisfactory, and at some mines a system of representation through tribal elders was also introduced. On the Roan Antelope Mine at Luanshya, for example, tribal elders came into being as early as 1931.

## The Tribal Elders—

The elders were elected at meetings of their fellow tribesmen. Tribal elders were themselves mine employees, and were drawn from all departments of the mine. Some of them were unskilled labourers, some were boss boys or charge hands, and there were a few who were employed as mine clerks; but what is significant is that in nearly every case the elder could claim close relationship with the tribal chief. Indeed, once selected, the elder would take upon himself the name of his chief, and was normally called by that name: he would receive from time to time gifts of beer, brought as tribute by his people according to ancient custom.

These elders formed a kind of advisory body to the Compound Manager. They were entitled to call for a meeting with him whenever they wanted to discuss matters affecting the social or working conditions of the people. At the same time, through the elders, the Compound Manager was able to convey to the mine employees the latest pronouncement of management policy. Individual elders were also called upon as occasion demanded to advise on points of African custom. For example, in order to gain married quarters and rations the mine

employee had to show that he was legally married. Since the only form of union legally recognised amongst Africans was the marriage according to Native law and custom, the elders were often called upon to assist in establishing the validity or invalidity of marriages contracted by their tribesmen.

The system of elders proved most valuable to the Compound Manager, but there is little doubt that it was also widely popular among the people. The work of the elders extended to nearly every aspect of African life on the mine. Those who had disputes brought them before the elders and had them settled in accordance with customary procedure. Those who had domestic troubles of one kind or another would go to their elder so that—to translate the vernacular expression—he might teach them to live properly in the house. When a stranger arrived on the mine, he was at once directed to the house of the elder of his tribe, who would feed and look after him until his relatives had been traced. Whenever news was received of the death of a chief in the rural areas, people looked to their elder to make arrangements for carrying out the traditional mourning ceremonies. But, above all, the tribal elders were the representatives of their people in bringing grievances to the notice of the mine authorities.

## —and the Origin of their Prestige

The institution of tribal elders rested upon the assumption that social ties which linked Africans to one another in the towns remained those of the tribal system; its corollary was that forms of authority which had their origin in that system were equally applicable on the mines. At the time there was no doubt some justification for that view. When quarrels flared up and developed into brawls, the participants aligned themselves with their fellow tribesmen. The very choice of elders of men of royal or chiefly blood was itself important in respect. Their prestige derived from tribal political values; their appointment as elders was a reaffirmation of these values. Nevertheless there was some indication as early as 1935 that the basic assumption underlying the introduction of tribal elders were becoming out of date with the new conditions.

In 1935 serious disturbances occurred on the Copperbelt, particularly at Luanshya, where a mob of Africans stormed the Compound Office on the mine. A number of Africans were killed, and many more injured. In the strike situation the workers rejected the authority of the elders, who had to seek refuge in the Compound Office. In 1940 there was another strike which was again accompanied by violence. At Nchanga mine seventeen Africans were killed and sixty-three injured. The rôle of the elders at this time was well brought out in the events which occurred at Mufulira. Here again it was clear that the elders had lost the confidence of the people, and they were accused of being in league with the Europeans. On the advice of the District Commissioner the workers at Mufulira appointed their own strike committee of seven men, and the members of this committee acted as strike leaders until the dispute was settled. The strike leaders exercised effective control throughout the strike; at Mufulira there were no incidents, and the strike passed quietly until the strike came to an end. Here were the first signs that a new form of authority was emerging, a new urban leadership.

After the strike, the tribal elders or tribal representatives, as they now came to be known, continued to enjoy the support of Government and the mines. Government Labour Officers were charged with the task of 'educating the tribal representatives to become intelligent and familiar with all matters relating to native labour', and to teach them 'to present cases for the adjustment of labour conditions in a reasonable manner'. But the new urban communities had begun to take root, and soon the position of the tribal representatives came to be increasingly challenged by men of a different stamp.

The gradual change in the pattern of urban leadership emerges clearly in the Urban Advisory Councils. These councils were set up by the Government about 1941. They were designed to bring the Administration into closer touch with the local African population. The councils met regularly under the chairmanship of the local District Commissioner.

commissioner. They discussed such matters as conditions at the hospital, the lack of adequate water facilities in the compounds, the practice of the colour bar in European-owned shops, and so on. In the beginning the members of the councils were elected by the tribal representatives acting as an electoral college; and the early councils were in fact dominated by the tribal representatives.

At about the same time, however, bodies known as African Welfare Societies began to flourish in the urban centres. The Welfare Societies drew their membership mainly from the small numbers of educated Africans in the towns. The leading members were invariably teachers, clerks, and hospital orderlies. Significantly, their meetings were conducted in English, whereas those of the Urban Advisory Council were all conducted in the vernacular.

The Welfare Societies were in no sense 'official' bodies and therefore could make no claim to represent the local community. They were avowedly non-political in their aims, but in fact as they developed they rapidly acquired political functions. They made representations to the local authorities on various matters, and were often able to get conditions approved and complaints attended to. Members of the Welfare Societies spoke of co-operation with the Advisory Councils. But the tensions between them soon became open. To Administrative Officers it looked as though the Advisory Councils were coming to take second place to the Welfare Societies. Eventually, the Societies were granted direct representation on the Advisory Councils. In the years which followed, the political influence of the tribal representatives rapidly declined. The mining companies were persuaded to give recognition to committees representing the interests of Boss Boys, and Clerks Associations also began to make their appearance. By 1949, when the Urban Advisory Councils were dissolved and new elections held, the tribal representatives had been largely replaced by leading figures in the Welfare Societies and Clerks Associations.

#### Wider Conflict of Values

The challenge to the position of the tribal representatives may be seen from a number of aspects. In one way it may be seen as an expression of the opposition of different generations; in another as a clash between literate and illiterate. The Africans who were led to join the Welfare Societies were mostly younger men, and were certainly better educated than the tribal representatives. They were also more articulate on the specific problems of town life, in particular on their position as Africans within the new multi-racial communities. But these positions were themselves only a reflection of a wider conflict of values. The system of tribal elders was rooted in the common view that the Copperbelt was only a place of temporary sojourn: after a year or two African workers would return to their villages to resume the more tenor of tribal life. For the migrant labourer the tribal elder served as a reminder that although his home lay many hundreds of miles away, his deepest ties were still with kinsfolk in distant villages and in allegiance to his chief, and that these ties were cemented by a body of customs which divided him sharply from the people of other tribes amongst whom he lived and worked in the towns. By contrast, the new leaders made their bid for support by appealing to the African wage-earner and urban-dweller. Like the elders, the new leaders were mostly of rural origin; but unlike the elders, they had committed themselves to the new industrial and multi-racial society that had grown up around the towns. In their professions as school-teachers, Christian ministers, and clerks they were themselves actively engaged in pushing forward into a new form of society—a society where clan affiliation or attachment to village headman and chief were no longer of primary significance in ordering social relations. By virtue of their education, and proficiency in English, these men became the intermediaries between the mass of all the African people, and the European authorities: in their conscious approximation to European standards in manner and dress they were also providing a bridge between the two cultures.

Thus it was that when trade unionism was first introduced to Africans in Northern Rhodesia, the leadership in the new unions was predominantly recruited from the class of clerks and other more educated Africans—the very people who had been leading members of the Welfare Societies. Hence, too, many of the early union leaders came from Botswana or Nyasaland, whose peoples had a much longer educational tradition, from missions and mission schools, than most of their fellow Africans in the tribal areas of Northern Rhodesia.

The African Mine Workers Trade Union was established in 1949. From the beginning there were reports of friction between the Union executive and the tribal representatives about the division of their

respective spheres of jurisdiction. These squabbles continued until the Union decided to press for the abolition of the tribal representatives. At length the Chamber of Mines agreed to consult the African mine employees in the matter. About 80 per cent. of the 35,000 Africans employed at all mines on the Copperbelt voted against the retention of tribal representation. This was in 1953—some three and a half years after the formation of the Union. Later in the year the first popular elections by secret ballot were held for the Urban Advisory Councils. When the new councils reassembled they were almost entirely composed of the new leaders in the trade union movement and the African National Congress.

#### Increasing Urbanisation

The gradual disappearance of the tribal elders as a force in urban political life may be taken as an index of the degree to which Africans have become increasingly involved in the wage-earning economy and way of life of the towns. The major problems which now confront the urban African are mostly—though not entirely—of the kind which arise in any industrial community: for assistance in their solution he turns to the new leaders in the trade unions and the National Congress. Nevertheless, it would I think be a gross over-simplification to conclude that the passing of tribal representation on the Copperbelt also marked the demise of urban tribalism itself. For example, it is interesting to notice that recent cleavages which have developed within the African Mine Workers Union and the African National Congress have been interpreted by Africans as expressions of tribal antagonisms. We touch here upon a very complex problem. The growth of the new urban communities has been marked at every stage by increasing economic and social differentiation, so that the new leadership group is not itself homogeneous. I consider therefore that these cleavages cannot be explained simply in terms of the persistence of traditional tribal values; but it remains significant that Africans themselves explain them in this way.

I mention this at the end of my talk in case it is thought that the process I have been describing, of the movement away from tribalism in the sphere of political representation, is either finally accomplished or extends over the entire field of social relations. That would be a misleading interpretation. The term 'tribalism' has a number of distinct points of reference which are sometimes apt to be confused. Its closer definition and the degree to which it operates within the various sets of urban social relations are among the major problems facing students of African urbanisation, and certainly among the most interesting.

—Third Programme

## Leo and Virgo

Tree in a walled garden  
Waiting for rain  
Lion in the desert  
Walking the plain.

She, rooted, envies  
His violent fate  
He can hunt and kill  
She only wait.

But from the burning  
Outer sands seen  
Are the leaves gentle?  
Is the shade green?

If under her branches  
He, wounded, were laid  
Her roots might drink blood  
He rest in the shade.

Must his bones dry  
In the sun, on the plain?  
Must she grow withered  
Waiting for rain?

HELENA HENDERSON

# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of 'THE LISTENER', Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in 'THE LISTENER' consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Seeing Is Believing

OUR autumn book number contains reviews of several important new works on subjects ranging from rabbits to Ruskin and from Herzen to Huxley. The complaint will no doubt be heard again that books are too dear and the reply will be given that their prices have not increased proportionately as much as those of most other things. Authors are certainly not affluent (though printers may be): a cheque received before the war for £50 'in advance of royalties' was something: today it is at once eaten up by income tax and the cost of typing. Whether the demand for books has or has not fallen off may be disputed—certainly British books are still in considerable demand overseas—but on one minor point, about which there has been some discussion, the question whether television reduces reading, we have now been given an answer which ought to satisfy us for the time being.

Mr. William A. Belson recently conducted a thorough investigation by new methods into the effects of television upon the interests and the initiative of adult viewers, and he read a paper giving the results of his researches to the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. His general conclusions were that the interests of viewers were reduced and viewing even caused loss of initiative. 'Interest in book reading', he reported, 'was well down'—as was also card playing. There was, he thought, less reading about 'modern developments in science' and less reading too about 'international and world affairs'. Presumably one could learn all about these subjects 'on the telly'. However, from the point of view of those who value books, there were some consoling features about Mr. Belson's report. In the first place, owners of new television sets have a honeymoon, which lasts for the remarkable space of five years. At the end of that time, it appears, they tend to revert to their previous interests. In the second place, while reading books in general may be reduced by the delights of television, undoubtedly the reading of some books is stimulated by television programmes. Television, Mr. Belson thinks, has strikingly stimulated interest in paintings: one might hazard the thought that such subjects as archaeology and ballet dancing have also received a wider study as a result of the advertisement given to them by the figures performing upon the home screen. Mr. Belson appears doubtful about stimulation in general, but does admit that some specific programmes have a proselytising effect.

In any case, whether we like it or not, it is obvious that broadcasting, by television or by sound, will continue to have a profound influence upon people's lives, tastes and habits. If broadcasting were given over to nothing but light entertainment then clearly a valuable instrument of education and enlightenment would be wantonly wasted. Fortunately this is unlikely to happen, and if and when television enters our schools and colleges it may become a really important method of supplying knowledge, in which, however, reading must always play a dominant part. Television surely can—and should—encourage the reading of worth-while books. If we see what we can learn, we may believe it is worth learning. In a talk published in 'THE LISTENER' last week Sir Harold Nicolson justly observed that it was a pity that 'so many men and women who are obliged day by day to travel by train . . . should not take a book with them . . .'. Many of us idle away the hours and only when we are old or ill come to learn the pleasures that the great literature we possess can give us.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Crimean talks

THE RECENT KHRUSHCHEV-TITO talks in the Crimea continued to arouse widespread speculation. Moscow radio confined itself to issuing brief daily bulletins during the talks, recording the fact that President Tito had gone aboard a Soviet cruiser in the Black Sea and, together with Mr. Khrushchev, had dined with the Commander of the Black Sea Fleet; that President Tito, Mr. Khrushchev and Hungarian party leader Mr. Geroe had gone for a walk on the sea-shore at Yalta; that President Tito and Mr. Khrushchev had gone hunting in the Crimean forests, and so on. On October 3 Moscow radio broadcast an article in *Pravda* which, without mentioning the Crimean talks, spoke of the strengthening of friendship between the Soviet and Yugoslav peoples and said recently 'the field of unsettled questions in relations between Yugoslav Communists and other fraternal Communist Parties has narrowed considerably . . . whilst the front of co-operation is growing in width and depth'.

On October 5 President Tito returned to Yugoslavia, but Hungarian Party leader, Mr. Geroe—who is shortly to visit Yugoslavia—remained in the Soviet Union, where, according to Moscow radio, he conferred with Mr. Mikoyan and Mr. Suslov on October 6. The talks were said to have taken place 'in a spirit of complete understanding'. On October 6, in Budapest, the corpses of former Foreign Minister Laszlo Rajk and three other Hungarian Communist leaders who were executed for treason seven years ago were given a state funeral with full military honours. Budapest radio, referring to the 'wrongfully executed and innocent comrades', said it was particularly regretted that the Rajk trial had been linked with provocations against Yugoslavia. The broadcast added:

The fate of Comrade Rajk and his fellow-martyrs must make even Communist realise the abyss to which the neglect of party democracy and the violation of the principles of collective leadership can lead. The Rajk tragedy represents the gravest indictment against the personality cult.

Commenting on the Crimean talks, Budapest radio said they had shown it was possible to 'correct past mistakes'. A number of western commentators expressed the view that the Crimean talks had an important bearing on Mr. Khrushchev's future, because it was he who was chief architect of reconciliation with Yugoslavia, which was leading satellite Communist leaders, notably in Poland, to seek more independence from Moscow. In the words of *The New York Times*, quoted from the United States:

We can have little doubt that Yugoslavia's victory over Moscow strengthened and emboldened the advocates of freedom elsewhere in eastern Europe. This is the key to Moscow's present troubles in eastern Europe and this is the link which binds the Crimean conference of Tito and the Soviet leaders to the events in the court rooms of Poznan.

Warsaw radio broadcast daily recorded extracts from the Poznan court proceedings—including an incident when the sister of one defendant, hearing her brother say he had been ill-treated while under arrest, cried out that Poland was now more oppressed than under Nazi occupation. Comment on the trials sought to stress that 'criminals and not the working class are standing trial', but at the same time admitted that the Polish people were laying the responsibility for 'depravity of youth' on the Communist authorities. One commentator speaking of the 'complete bestiality' displayed in the murder of a security official, stated:

I have heard many voices of the opinion that the party, the government or the schools, directed by the party and the government, took over the tutelage of those youths at the age of ten, and that by the age of twelve they had degenerated into utter bestiality.

On October 7 Moscow radio described the Anglo-French resolution on Suez submitted to the Security Council as an attempt to justify British and French actions directed against the sovereign rights of Egypt and against peace in the Middle East. It added that Mr. Dulles' statement of support for the Anglo-French resolution proved the falsity of 'propaganda assertions' that the United States had taken up a conciliatory stand on the Suez issue. Moscow broadcasts gave more emphasis to the Labour Party's 'censure of the British Government's Suez policy'. Both Moscow and Cairo broadcasts claimed that this censure was 'generally supported by the British people'.

# Did You Hear That?

## UNDER THE SPREADING POPLAR

'POPLARS', said J. D. U. WARD in 'Window on the West' 'are the fastest-growing trees in England. I want to stress this point because people often speak (usually rather scornfully) about fast-growing conifers, and there may be an implied suggestion that foresters plant conifers mainly because they want the quickest and easiest money. But if you have fertile and moist soil, poplars will beat conifers every time.'

'At King's Cliff in the Quantocks (where a big trial collection of

poplars has been formed by the research branch of the Forestry Com-

mission), one plot of some Ameri-

can hybrids has broken all known

records for height growth in

Britain. The variety is called Popu-

lus or I suppose we ought to say

*Populus androscoggin*, Androscog-

gin populus being the name of a

river in the State of Maine. The

parents of these remarkable trees are

an American balsam poplar, *Popu-*

*lus trichocarpa*, and a Asiatic bal-

sam poplar, *Populus maximowiczii*.

Foresters are usually suspicious of

balsam poplars—or at any rate of

the American balsam poplars—

because they tend to suffer from

canker. But Androscoggin has so

far developed as a clean healthy

tree—and how it grows. These

trees were planted out in 1950 with

roots that were two years old and

stems that were one year old—and

about seven feet high. Now, they

are over fifty feet tall. That is, the

nursery growth of seven feet in one

year has been maintained as an

average over the period of six sum-

mers' growth.

'Next to them stands a plot of *Populus robusta*. This is another hybrid poplar but it comes from France and has one American and one European parent. It is well-known to forestry people partly because we have had it over fifty years. The King's Cliff plot have averaged about six feet a year—less than Androscoggin but still very good indeed. Nearby is *trichocarpa*, with its pleasant balsamy scent. But *trichocarpa* has that unfortunate reputation for canker.

'Other famous species and varieties of poplars to be seen in this alley in the Quantocks include *gerllica* (a Dutch poplar), *berolinensis* which originated in the Berlin Botanic Garden, and *serotina*—one of the kinds commonly called black Italian poplars. Actually, *serotina* leaves late, and this poplar opens its leaves much later than most. Incidentally, the familiar Lombardy poplar, which many people think is the poplar, is a variety of black poplar. And it did in fact come from northern Italy. All of the poplars at King's Cliff are under test for canker-resistance and all are under observation for general health and vigour.'

'Poplars are always planted much further apart than most other trees. There is usually twenty-two feet between each tree, which means only ninety to the acre. This produces a pleasant orchard effect. But poplars are greedy not only for space: they have positively wolfish appetites for nourishment. They like good soil and plenty of moisture to enable them to take up the minerals which help them to grow so fast. So never plant vigorous poplars near a house or other building. If hungry roots go out to get all the food they can. Even if they do not directly interfere with pipes and drains they withdraw enormous

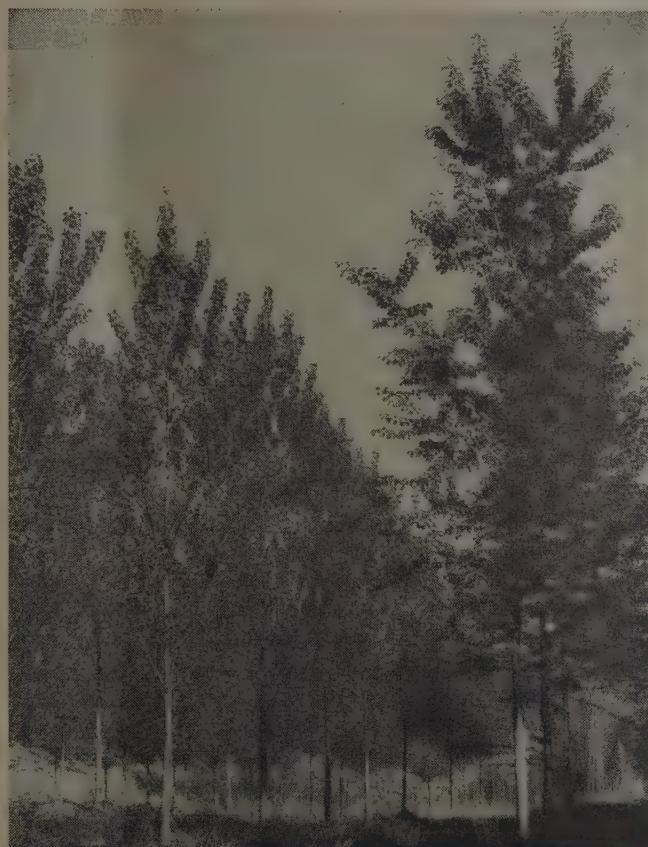
quantities of moisture. The result, noticed too late, may be shrinkage of the soil and subsidence of buildings. Some of you may be wondering what poplar timber is used for. The first answer is match-sticks. Aspen, which is *Populus tremula*, is first favourite for matches.'

## ASTROLOGY AMONG THE INDIANS

'From time to time in the enormous warren of the Government Secretariat building in New Delhi', said GERALD PRIESTLAND in 'From Our Own Correspondent', 'you will meet a figure who just does not fit in. He may be wearing the orange robes of a Benares Pandit or the beard and turban of a Sikh Sardar. But in either case he obviously does not belong to the Planning Commission or the Ministry of Heavy Industries or whatever it may be; the fact is he is an astrologer or palmist, and he has been giving professional advice to a senior member of the department, perhaps even the Minister. There was one such gentleman who used to show an impressive collection of apparently genuine testimonials ranging from the President himself to Ministers and Permanent Secretaries. Unfortunately he has gone now, but he used to be an invaluable source of leakage to correspondents. Ministers, he claimed, would consult him in advance about whether it would be auspicious to nationalise a certain industry or raise a new tax.'

'In the Central Government there is always the sarcasm of Mr. Nehru to keep this sort of thing in check or at least underground, but in the Provinces it manifests itself in all sorts of odd ways. The Chief Minister of one state issues a regular astrological survey for the coming year, rather as the Treasury would issue an economic survey. Another state lost several thousand rupees in digging a well that had no water in it, simply because they preferred the advice of an astrologer to that of an engineer. In Madras, the opening of the state insurance office was postponed by one hour because it was found the normal opening time was calamitously inauspicious. Already there is some head-shaking over next year, the tenth anniversary of independence, the centenary of the Indian Mutiny, the bicentenary of Plassey, and general elections to boot. The year 1957, say the astrologers, does not show up well on their charts.'

'The family astrologer still has an honoured place in many homes, rich as well as poor. The majority of matrimonial advertisements in the papers end with the words "Apply with horoscope", for no orthodox Hindu would think of marrying his son to a girl whose horoscope did not match. The older generation will never embark on a journey or sign a contract unless the stars are right. I have asked several Indian friends about this and there are two standard answers. One is: Well, it's my wife, you know. I don't hold with such nonsense but she does"; the other answer begins with a flat denial that my friend is in any way influenced by astrology but goes on: "Of course, it is a real science, just like psychology or biology". One has only to look in the advertisement columns of the newspapers to realise that there is a flourishing industry compounded of astrology, palmistry, alchemy, and patent medicine.'



Poplars—the fastest growing trees in England—in the Quantocks

J. D. U. Ward

'For example, there is a much-vaunted elixir concocted from "nine precious stones". There is the miraculous oil which cures baldness, bad eyesight, and shortness of memory, and which is advertised in the Government's rural "uplift" magazine. Best of all, there is Swamiji—to give him a pseudonym. Swamiji operates from a splendid mansion in Calcutta, built, he tells us, at a cost of several hundred thousand rupees. I know this because it is all in the sixty-page catalogue that he sent me. His speciality is Tantric Rights—whatever that may be. Swamiji will do you twelve days of first-class Tantric Rights for £88 sterling, or seven days of second-class performance at £44. He also sells nineteen different kinds of talisman, which come in three grades: ordinary—which are effective for one year and cost about a pound; special—effective for three years and costing around £3; and super-special with lifelong effects, costing up to £60'.

#### HOW TO EARN £90 A WEEK

A big chain of radar stations is being built in what is called the distant early-warning line that spans Arctic America, and the construction engineers are now preparing to face another winter in the far north. The Dew line, as it is called, the outermost defence of the United States and Canada, spans Alaska and Arctic Canada to within a few hundred miles of the North Pole. One of the men helping to build the Dew line is an Englishman, RAY WOODAGE. He spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The only reason any of us are up there', he said, 'is the money—£90 a week—and you cannot spend anything because there is nowhere to go to spend it. I think I can say we earn every penny of it—it is literally seven days a week work, up to fourteen hours a day and often through the night, too, when a supply aircraft comes in. It is wild and cheerless country, completely flat and bare, snow clad for ten months of the year, as bleak as anything you can see in the polar regions and made worse by frequent blizzards with winter temperatures down to minus sixty degrees Fahrenheit—that is ninety-two degrees of frost. We call it polar-bear weather, and, incidentally, polar bears are one of our many problems. In fact they are so plentiful that the men in the small huts at our air-strip have been unable to meet incoming planes because of them.'

'The main problem is the loneliness, with nothing to do, not even drink. Drinking is strictly forbidden—you cannot allow it when you are living in each other's laps. We have had cases of men having to be flown out because the loneliness and bleakness have preyed on their minds too much. At the site where I have been working one man who was heading for a breakdown walked out of camp, and that was that—he was never seen again. Another man who went out after him was lost too. Everything comes in by air—men and machinery, mail and food. Sometimes, when the weather permits, we will have a dozen big air freighters in twelve hours. Then the weather will close in and you will not see a plane for three weeks or more. Once last year, during one of these periods, we were down to our last five gallons of diesel fuel, and it was put under lock and key to meet any emergency, which did in fact arise next day when we had to radio base for an aircraft to fly out an injured man.'

'Those of us who are doing the construction work live in tents and huts. The huts comprise a wooden frame covered with fibre glass insulation over which is drawn a green tarpaulin. The tents are double lined, heated with oil stoves, and the huts and tents alike are securely guyed with cables, otherwise they would be blown away in the frequent bliz-

zards. The food is plentiful, but always in the back of your mind is the consciousness of absolute isolation, cut off from all contact with the civilised world. There are not even any Eskimos on our site—just twenty-five or so men, Britons and Canadians, central Europeans, all of them trying hard not to get on each other's nerves. Weeks of winter darkness, cold, frostbite, cramped quarters, but then that is what we are paid for at the rate of £90 a week'.

#### A LIBRARY OF MEDICAL HISTORY

London is the home of many specialised libraries that the average Londoner hardly knows anything about, but one of them is likely to be better known from now on, for it has just been given a new look, and opened to the general public for the first time. It is the Medical History Library of the Wellcome Foundation—a collection of 250,000 volumes, 10,000 manuscripts, and 100,000 letters and documents all relating to medical history throughout the world from the earliest times. BARBARA HOOPER spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Besides being a great pharmaceutical chemist', she said, 'Sir Henry Wellcome had what I suppose you might call a passion for collecting

books and museum pieces; and the great part of this library was built up in his lifetime. But it was not till after his death in 1936 that the work really began, what the Librarian called "Weeding out this great mountain of material and it was not till after the war that the books could be moved from suburban warehouse to the neo-classic marble hall of the Wellcome Building. It is a building that to my mind is more reminiscent of a renaissance palace than modern international research centre.'

'The library has only just been rearranged as a reference library open to anyone. This library is regarded as the largest and the most comprehensive of its kind in the

world, yet it is always being added to—even though by now there is not much missing.'

'The collection casts its net pretty wide. All the sciences that are in any way allied to medicine, even cookery and alchemy, and ancient Egyptian archaeology have a place in it. Every language in the world appears on the shelves—in fact distinguished orientalists have been called in to help sort and classify volumes in Sanskrit, Arab, Chinese, Hebrew, Persian. I saw the oldest original document in the library—a fragment from a Greek herbal which was written on papyrus about A.D. 400, and on this fragment there is a recognisable drawing of the plant comfrey, a common herb that is still in use today. One of the most recent publications that has found its way into the Library is this week's copy of *Lancet*. It brings the whole series up to date from the first number that came out in 1823; that was a sixteen-page pamphlet which was meant to be a shorthand record of medical lecturers' notes, but it is just as much concerned with politics and world social affairs as it is with medical matters.'

'Unpublished letters and documents are one of the special features of the whole collection. I was able to read letters in the handwriting of Charles Dickens, Bernard Shaw, Coleridge, Ruskin, letters from Nelson and Livingstone and Elizabeth Fry, and they all dealt with health in one way or another. Another batch of documents there has to do with British monarchs. There is a handwritten bulletin on George III's mental state, a document signed by Charles II about a case of lunacy, a list of patients to be touched by James II for the King's evil, the disease called scrofula, and it seems he touched some 2,000 of these sufferers in a single month'.



Scene near one of the radar stations being built in the Arctic

# A Great Humanist

E. M. FORSTER on Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson

**G**OLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON was born on August 6, 1862. (For I want to preface this talk with a brief account of his life. It was not a dramatic life. So let us get it out of the way.) He was born, then, of cultivated middle-class stock. His father was a portrait painter of note. His mother had a connection with a well-known firm of publishers. The marriage of his parents was a happy one, and with one brother and three sisters he passed a very happy childhood. 'Goldie' they called him. He went on to a preparatory school and to Charterhouse, at both of which institutions he was uniformly miserable. Not until Cambridge did the clouds begin to break. King's, the college to which he went, just suited him; mainly because there is a tradition here which he did all he could to promote: that of easy intercourse between old and young. Dons at King's do not live in one box and students in another. Anyhow, they need not unless they want to.

He read Classics, left the university, and turned to political studies. He also tried to work with his hands on a co-operative farm, also tried to be a doctor. These attempts were abortive but are symptomatic. He was trying to give away what he was beginning to receive, and to help his fellow creatures. A more appropriate avenue was opened in 1887 when King's made him a Fellow; he went into residence there and began a career of teaching in Cambridge and London. Subjects: political history, analysis of constitutions, that sort of thing. He also wrote books. He also travelled: to Europe constantly, twice to America, and once to India and the Far East. He went with him to India.

And then came the 1914 war. It is impossible to convey to a younger generation what 1914 felt like. It was such a surprise. That word is a feeble one, yet I can think of none more appropriate. It certainly gave Dickinson a surprise that lasted him for the rest of his life. He knew the war was coming or might be coming, he was prepared for it intellectually, but he could not foretell his emotions. His feelings are best conveyed by an analogy: they resembled the feelings which arise when a promise has been broken by a person whom one loves. One knows all the time that the promise will not be kept, perhaps cannot be kept, yet the shock is none the less mortal. In 1914 civilisation broke its promise to him, and he ever felt sure of it again.

Not that he collapsed or despaired. His old values held firm. In the very first fortnight of the war he jotted down on a half-sheet of note-paper a scheme for a League of Nations which should prevent future wars. The phrase 'League of Nations' did not exist then, but he had, earlier than anyone, the idea. For the next fifteen years he was concerned with the inception and the organisation of the League, did propaganda for it in America and elsewhere, and constantly attended at Geneva when it took up its quarters in that city. His great work, *The International Anarchy*, where the war's origins are analysed, dates from now. Its importance must be emphasised—especially to those who still assume that a don does not trouble himself with outside affairs.

During the last years of his life he had a respite from anxiety. He had one what he could and he sat back. He was in Cambridge again and undid it as congenial and charming as ever and a place where the old could still learn from the young. And the young seemed to be learning from him. Then he fell ill. An operation was advised and apparently succeeded, and when I saw him in the hospital he was cheerfully plan-

ning for the future. But on the following day he died—August 3, 1932. He was three days under the age of seventy.

So much for the life of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson. What of his work? He was a prolific writer. His complete bibliography totals nearly 400 items. Most of these are newspaper articles or letters or translations, but there are over twenty books, from which I must now choose. I need only mention in passing *A Modern Symposium*\*. *The International Anarchy* stands at the head of a group of war books. The *Modern Symposium* stands at the head of a little group of Dialogues. At the head of a little Greek group stands *The Greek View of Life*, to which I must now refer.

I must be brief, because I am saving up my time for two other books—the *Letters from John Chinaman* and *The Magic Flute*. *The Greek View of Life* was published in 1896, and it exploded the fallacy that only those who know Greek can know Greece. It has run into about twenty editions, and must have introduced thousands of young men and women to an inheritance they were in danger of neglecting. The Ancients are Modern. That was Dickinson's contention. They are modern, first, because many of their political and social problems have been ours, and have been expressed, particularly in Athens, with a lucidity beyond our power. Our passions colour our judgements—and are bound to, or we should not be alive. Ancient Greece has the advantage of being remote from us in time. It can be studied dispassionately. And it has a further advantage. It is not just a convenient laboratory for the social scientist. The joy of living and the greatness of existence are also to be found there. It is the greatest literature the western world has produced. It has one disadvantage. It can only be read by people who have sweated at the language for years, and they often cannot read it as well as they pretend. Translations are therefore imperative. *The Greek View of Life* might be called an introduction to translations. It is an attempt to show the non-expert the character and environment of hidden treasures, and to leave him amongst them. If Dickinson were alive today—which for many reasons he would not wish to be—he would anyhow be cheered by the excellence of popular translations.

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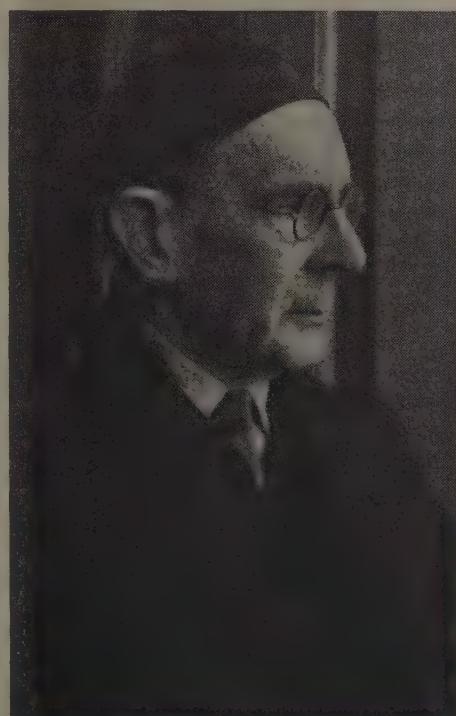
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From Greece let us hasten to China. *Letters from John Chinaman* came out, quietly enough, in 1901. It purports to be addressed by a Chinese official to an English friend, and it describes the charm and the sanity of Chinese civilisation, and the approaching threat to it from the economic imperialism of the West, and its possible vengeance on the West. It appeared anonymously but was rightly assumed by English readers to be by an Englishman. In America it had a more dramatic reception, which shall be described in Dickinson's own words:

It penetrated to America, and there everybody seems to have accepted naively its Chinese origin. It was attributed to the then Chinese ambassador; and Mr. Bryan, the famous politician, thought it worth while to write a special reply to it, in which he observed, among other things, that clearly the writer had never seen the inside of a Christian home. Before publishing his book he ascertained that the author was really an Englishman and he said as much in his preface. But he thought his book none the less worth publishing, and it is not for me to dispute that it may have been.

If only a politician will speak strongly for or against a book that book

\* This talk was given on October 5 as an introduction to a shortened version of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson's *A Modern Symposium* which was broadcast on October 6



Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson at the age of sixty-nine, wearing his 'little Chinese cap... made out of black silk with a tiny red button on the top'

N. Teulon-Porter

tions from the Greek: T. E. Lawrence's *Odyssey* and Mr. Rex Warner's *Thucydides* are two that come to my mind.

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will certainly sell, and good Mr. Bryan sold *John Chinaman* like hot cakes. We today—reading the book after the excitement is over, and after the prophecies contained in it have been but confusedly fulfilled—read it for the sureness of its touch, the exquisiteness of its style, and the truth of its feeling. It is the loveliest of his works—too smooth maybe for some tastes and bearing little relation to the China of today. To the China of his day it was germane. Eleven years after writing it, he visited the country, and was not disappointed. ‘China is much as I imagined it’, he wrote to me from Peking in 1913. ‘I thought I was idealising, but I doubt it’. He may have been idealising. He certainly experienced the emotion of love. There was some deep affinity. When he got old and felt the draught he used to wear a little Chinese cap—or rather a series of caps for he kept losing them—made out of black silk with a tiny red button on the top. Foreign trimmings do not as a rule suit the Britisher but his were appropriate. They suited him.

### Commanding Charm

Since I have mentioned this cap, I will allude to the physiognomy beneath it. Here is what he looked like in his later days. Clean-shaven; features strongly marked; spectacles; the complexion not good; the head bowed a little forward from the shoulders when he walked, though the shoulders themselves, like the body generally, were shapely and strong. The hands—to proceed with this inventory—were large. The clothes erred on the dowdy side—dark blue serges, shirts of indistinction, podgy ties. Thus caparisoned, he did not present a commanding figure, but there was about him a most commanding charm. Charm, in most men and nearly all women, is a decoration. It genuinely belongs to them, as a good complexion may, but it lies on the surface and can vanish. Charm in Lowes Dickinson was structural. It penetrated and upheld everything he did, it remained into old age. It conferred on him a beauty which cannot be given that rather patronising label of ‘spiritual’, a beauty which, though it had nothing to do with handsomeness, did belong to the physical, so that his presence was appropriate amidst gorgeous scenery or exquisite flowers.

And now for *The Magic Flute*. This remarkable little fantasy came out in 1920, shortly after the first world war had ended. It recalls the opera of Mozart, and it adapts for its own purposes the libretto that Mozart set to music. The Queen of the Night stands for instinct: she dwells on the other side of Mind, in the dark, creating while she sleeps. She is Queen of the Night, but not of the heavenly bodies, whom she hates because of their brightness and their order. Sarastro stands for reason—and for something else: what else Sarastro stands for we shall one day see. Pamina, their daughter, is the world’s desire. Tamino, in quest of Pamina, is Every Youth; his ardour and his nobility are matured by experience until he reaches the goal and understands the nature of the goal. For it is not what Tamino first supposed it would be. He passes through the fires of agony and the waters of doubt to no ordinary consummation. The mystic side of Dickinson has taken charge. It also inspires two profound and profoundly moving episodes that he has introduced into the Mozartian story: the episode of the Hermitage of Jesus and the episode of the Lotus Lake of Buddha.

The story opens with the Queen of the Night persuading Tamino to rescue her daughter who, she declares, is imprisoned by Sarastro in his castle; untrue: Pamina remains with Sarastro of her own will. The foolish enterprise turns into a war—not with Sarastro, who will not use force and cannot be touched by force, but between the deluded peoples of the earth. It is the war through which Dickinson had himself just passed. Tamino fights, kills his enemy, and then it is revealed to him through the power of Sarastro, that he has killed his friend. He leaves the battle-field and preaches peace—to find that the civilisation he trusted has betrayed him. He is thrown into prison and into fire, and through the fire the spirit of Pamina’s leads him—she and the music of his own flute, which, unknown to him, had once played in the castle of Sarastro.

### Quest for Truth

The allegory then gathers strength. The war section is the weakest in the book: Dickinson stood too near to the horrors he was trying to exorcise. It is when Tamino has passed the test of the fire, and is approaching the test of the waters of doubt that the author’s genius finds scope. Tamino has been purged of selfishness. He desires Pamina no longer for himself but for the whole world. He seeks her and knows that he cannot find her unless he finds truth. With truth as his aim he sets out for the desert.

At the very edge of the desert is a house surrounded by a garden,

and over the garden gate a man is leaning—an elderly man with a ironical mouth and kindly eyes. It is Candide—Voltaire’s Candide. They take to each other and Tamino stays with him for a time and helps him cultivate his garden. Candide—ever since his mistress Cunegonde left him to run a brothel on the Bosphorus—has known inconveniences. He is intelligent, humane, considerate, gay, he has no pains, no pleasures, no desires, no philosophy, no interest in truth. He is a congenial companion except in one respect: Tamino cannot mention Pamina to him, for he would only take her for another Cunegonde. So he has to continue his journey into the desert.

Candide accompanies him a little way into it—partly through friendliness, partly because the road passes a ruined building, called the Hermitage of Jesus, which he is curious to visit. Not that he is interested in antiquities, but there is an odd rumour that Jesus has returned there and he would like to verify this. They are overtaken by another traveller, a handsome and agreeable man. He also has heard the rumour and is bound for the Hermitage. He adds: ‘I have a special interest for I met Jesus here once before. My name is Satan’. Candide delighted to meet Satan, and cries: ‘So you are visiting the scene of your discomfiture’. Satan answers ‘No, that has been misrepresented—the scene of my triumph. I offered Jesus in this wilderness the three things which could alone have made his mission a success—imposture, science, and empire. He rejected them all, and so showed himself a failure, as I intended he should’. This leads to an interesting talk, and Candide shrewdly asks why he took the trouble to tempt. Satan’s answer brings us up against one of Dickinson’s profound beliefs: his belief in some unity that exists beneath Good and Evil. ‘I acted under orders’, he answers. ‘I don’t know why they were given, or who gave them. But apparently I executed them satisfactorily, for I have just been ordered to tempt Jesus again’.

### The Company at the Hermitage

By this time they have reached the Hermitage and find quite company there. A Spanish Jesuit, a French *abbé* of the modernist type, a Scottish Presbyterian, and a Russian priest have all heard the rumour and have come to meet Jesus. They have been waiting for several days and their relations have become strained. Satan and Candide establish a pleasanter atmosphere, they all sit round the fire, with the darkness and the sounds of the wilderness at their backs, and each of them explains in turn the bearing of this new event (if indeed it has occurred) on his particular creed. The Jesuit begins. In a thoughtful and brilliant speech he expounds the importance of the Church, which ‘took up the truth revealed by Jesus, interpreted it to the intelligence of mankind and applied it to their institutions’. And he warns his hearers not to confuse the Jesus of Eternity, whose revelation was absolute and final with the Jesus of Time, who visited the world nearly 2,000 years ago and who—if indeed he is returning to it—will find much to bewilder him and will need the expert guidance of his own Church.

Tamino is impressed, but becomes aware of the sounds of the desert and of something—or is it someone?—who stands outside the circle of their fire. The same sensation recurs during the address of the second speaker, the French *abbé*, who explains the doctrine of Progressive Revelation and informs the irritated Jesuit that the heresies of one generation are the orthodoxies of the next. Brilliant eyes fix Tamino—set in the night and brighter than the stars—and a possibility enters his mind. Then the Russian priest speaks—most touchingly, for the Jesuit he waits for will not belong to the clever or the influential, or the advanced, but to the poor. And again the gaze beckoning out of the night, the possibility becoming a certainty. Finally the Scottish Presbyterian speaks. He has some sharp words for Candide, whom he undoubtedly mistrusts, and the Jesus he expects is or should be hard, for hardness is what this backsliding generation needs. They are not fit for the Sermon on the Mount. Tamino he characterises as ‘a nice laddie who must go back to his work, accept the teaching of his own Church and expect to find it true when he is old enough to understand’.

Tamino does not hear this sound advice. For the possibility has become a certainty and without speech he speaks to Jesus.

‘Lord, was your gospel true or false?’

‘True and false’.

‘What was true in it?’

‘Love one another. Forgive your enemies’.

‘What was false?’

‘The scourge of small words and the coming on clouds to judge the world’.

‘Are any of the Churches your Church?’

'None'.

'How can I belong to your Church?'

'By following me. By following Truth in Love'.

'How shall I find Truth?'

This last remark he makes aloud and the Presbyterian answers tartly 'I have already told you Truth is found'. None of the Churches have been aware of Jesus, and Satan says: 'It must have been some hallucination'. But Satan has seen him and has to admit it, adding 'He is more impracticable than ever. I shall not even trouble to tempt him. Fortunately these gentlemen have me to direct them, and between us, I assure you, we shall build a tolerable church against anarchy'. Tamino then realises that Satan is Fraud, that the church he hopes to build for the worship of the Golden Calf; and he hates him.

The next stage of his quest for Truth is the Lotus Lake of Buddha. This is a solemn and exquisite place, inspired by what Dickinson had seen in China, and Tamino at first mistakes it for the Castle of Sarastro. But it is a monastery, whose inmates follow the quest of Eternity, and he himself, since he follows Pamina, is a child of Time. He undergoes the discipline of the monastery. He sat in a wood lost in meditation, and preparing to pass into the final, the eighth stage, from which there is no return—and then a traveller came through the wood, thieves set on him and left him for dead. He called for help but Tamino could not give it, he was too far away, and by the time he returned to the body the man was dead, and he saw in his eyes that look of the man in the battlefield, who had been both his enemy and his friend. He went back to the monastery. In the setting sun, one of the statues of Buddha glowed, and Tamino held with it a voiceless colloquy, such as he had in the Hermitage of Jesus.

'Lord Buddha, was your gospel true?'

'True and false'.

'What was true in it?'

'Selflessness and Love'.

'What false?'

'Flight from Life'.

He light fades from the statue, to illumine the lotus buds on the lake, and they flower into the face of Pamina. He must go back to life. And having passed the Waters of Doubt with the help

of her spirit, and the music of his flute, he enters the Castle of Sarastro.

This, the climax of the book, is rather unsatisfactory: too much has to be worked in. The *décor* is again Mozartian: Tamino has passed the tests, and is initiated into the Order of Truth. Who else has been admitted into the Order? Not Plato. Why not? Because Plato fell back in the end under the dominion of the Queen of Night; he came to prefer religion to reason, authority to liberty, and the state to the individual. And these are the three great heresies which no one holding can remain a member of the Order. Is Candide here? The answer is no; Candide almost qualifies but he lacks the one thing needful: the Sacred Fire.

With this reference to the Sacred Fire my attempt to recall Lowes Dickinson draws to its close. You see the importance of the reference: Dickinson believes in reason but is not a rationalist. He believes also in the Sacred Fire, and the fusion of these two beliefs is attempted in his conception of Sarastro. How can they be fused? How can water and fire combine? Certainly not in the material world. But when we consider the complexities of the human spirit fusion becomes, if not possible, at all events comprehensible.

I have used the phrase 'to recall Lowes Dickinson' and I fear it is an apt one, for I do not think he is much read or much talked about today—not even in King's College, Cambridge, the tiny corner of the world which once contained him. I am sorry about this, not for his sake, but because he has so much to offer. He challenges the materialism of our age. He also challenges the religiosity, the revivalism, the insistence on sin that are so often offered as correctives to materialism. In place of those false gods and gods he offers the human spirit which tries to follow reason, knows that reason sometimes fails, yet when it does fail does not scuttle to take refuge in authority. Add to this his belief that it is through poetry and through music that man comes closest to the Sacred Fire, and his claim to be remembered is confirmed.

He has also a tangible memorial. When you are in London, and if you are in the neighbourhood of Kensington, go and look at Edwardes Square. It is a charming square to the south of Kensington High Street. No. 11 Edwardes Square is the house where Dickinson's sisters lived, and where he lived when he was in town. A plaque has been put up to him on the house. It describes him as a writer and a humanist, and the word humanist also describes Sarastro.—*Third Programme*

## The Criticism of Architecture

By ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN

REGULAR architectural criticism in the press and on the radio is something comparatively new. It has arisen only in the last ten years. That in itself is significant. It means that modern architecture, however far it may fall short of its own ideals, is now become a living and fascinating thing, even a popular thing, for the first time in a hundred years. Otherwise there would be no platform for the critics. A generation ago, when most buildings were mere essays in some watered-down historical style, and when town-planning was a dead art, criticism and comment in the press would have interested very few—and so did not exist. There were a few journals which catered for those interested in the country house; urban building was merely pretentious and raised not a spark of interest outside the architectural profession. Even archaeologically, architecture was the Cinderella of the arts. Architecture today, apart altogether from its aesthetic merits, is of more concern to more people than ever before in its history.

Most building is now public building. Everything in life sooner or later reflects with dialectical exactitude the social revolution of our time: everything, not only architecture but even the space newspapers go to it. The New Towns, the new housing estates, new schools, new factories and power stations, the rebuilt blitzed cities, are all things that thousands are going to live in or use, and they are coming into being on such a scale that they are revolutionising the landscape for thousands more, for everyone—for better or worse, the greatest visual revolution in the history of man. Moreover, modern architecture is not just a new style, more metallic, more streamlined, more scientific than past styles; it is also the single greatest manifestation of the Welfare State; it is everyone's business and everyone's property.

If, twenty or thirty years ago, a public school, say, built a new memorial chapel, probably in sham Gothic, it may have meant a good deal at the time to a few hundred people; that chapel may also have been a pleasing display of archaeological scholarship by the architect; as a curiosity it may still give pleasure to our Betjeman connoisseurs. It was the single essay by the single architect that aroused such little interest as there was. But compare all this with the fact that in the coming year alone, in London alone, the L.C.C. is to build twelve large comprehensive secondary schools, the daily homes of 18,000 children: the most conspicuous monuments in a dozen drab suburbs, a display of the best techniques in building and equipment. You may shrink from it, you may fear it, you may disapprove of it politically and economically—if you had an upper-middle-class childhood you probably do—but what is clear is that building today has ceased not only to be dull but also to be cosy and charming; it is of an entirely different order from what it has been at any time in the past. It is not necessarily more beautiful—that depends upon definitions of beauty—but it is of a different order socially and technically. And its potentialities, even for beauty, are unlimited. It demands, therefore, explanation, comment, and criticism: on the lowest plane because the taxpayer pays for it, on the highest plane because we would like it to be a great art as well as a public service, and somewhere in between because—like so many products of this age—it is at least technically exciting. Above all, it is inescapable.

Inescapable even if we sometimes escape. I do not for one moment pretend that I would not rather be a thousand miles from busy cities, old or new. But for most of us in this crowded industrial island there can be no such escape; it is the immediate reality around us that must

be made tolerable. Education, health, holidays are now looked to; the dreary miles of old, black streets remain; and even where they are being rebuilt the new, crisp, hard glitter of modernism must be made human and humane or the brave new world may in the end be only a clean and brassy slum. That is the job of this generation and the next. It was once said that the Middle Ages were a prolonged penance for the sins of the Roman Empire; England's twentieth century is a prolonged penance for the sins of the Victorian era. As the bright new schools rise among the squalid Derbyshire valleys, as London's new housing rises among the trees and lawns that were once the gardens of rich Wimbledon merchants, justice really is being done.

True, in terms of pure architecture you may prefer a Cotswold market town or the Venetian piazzas to, say, the new City Centre at Coventry. That is not the point. Walk a hundred yards from the Coventry that has been bombed and rebuilt to the Coventry that escaped the bombs; then ask yourself whether the twentieth century is not, slowly but inexorably, revenging itself upon the nineteenth.

The real task of the architectural critic is rather different from that of the more familiar literary, dramatic, or art critic. Since new books, plays, and exhibitions appear each week with unfailing regularity, the first job of these critics is to act as a guide, to tell us what is going on; secondly, their job is to tell us what in their opinion is most worth reading or seeing—and why. Above all their job is to open our eyes to beauties we might otherwise be blind to, and to expose the meretricious. The critic's role is vital to the arts, not because authors, actors, or painters often or obviously abide by what he says at the time but because in the long run he encourages the public to encourage the good and encourages them to discourage the bad. The long-term results can be guessed but are seldom known.

### Helping the Blind to See

In many ways the functions of the architectural critic are similar, but also in many ways different. He too hopes that he may help the blind to see, opening their eyes to new and even unsuspected beauty; he too hopes that by encouragement or discouragement he may in the long run change the course of architecture. But there the parallel with the other critics ceases. While it is true that new buildings, like plays and books, appear with unfailing regularity, the vast majority are routine jobs and to comment upon them week by week would be pointless, repetitious, and dull. Those who are interested in modern architecture have a general idea of the contribution made by the County of Hertfordshire to school designing; no one wants a separate comment from the critic on each of those schools; there are now over a hundred in that county alone. One housing estate is much like another; it is only the rare example that in some way changes or advances housing, and therefore changes people's lives, that deserves comment; or the housing

estate that has a national significance because it is in the wrong place using land in the wrong way. Again, one big office block in the City of London is much like another; having pointed to their dullness, the obtuse impracticability and inhumanity, the critic has done his job for them; he then awaits some new method of city building or of land development, such as the New Barbican, and examines that for its interest and for its merits.

The architectural critic also glances at the rebuilding of the blitzed cities; he finds nine out of ten commonplace and hardly worth his journey. To review them one by one as if they were a series of new plays or novels would be absurd; he can only point to, say, Coventry or Rotterdam as examples to be studied, as examples of what might have been. Selection, in fact, is one of the main weapons in the architectural critic's armoury. The editor of a paper sends round the review copies, the theatre tickets, and the private view cards—the architectural critic must decide for himself that this or that is or is not worth comment; it is part of his criticism. His silences may be as pregnant as his utterances.

### Expert Comment in Time

There is another way, and a vital one, in which the architectural critic differs from his colleagues in the other arts. It is in his power to intervene before building takes place. The dramatic or literary critic can deal only with the end product. The art critic does the same; he may tell us whether he likes the paintings of, say, Munnings or Braque, and why. He cannot tell them to stop painting. But often as not the architectural critic is dealing with a proposal, a sketch project. Conceivably he may then deflect events. That has happened but it is a great power to be used with great care for the public good and never to further the critic's own aesthetic whim. It is also in itself a controversial power; some think it impertinent interference. It is today large-scale building in our congested cities and in our almost ruined countryside is so much a matter of life and death that it should surely be subjected to public examination and expert comment before it is too late. A Munnings or a Braque, after all, may end its days in the cellar of the Tate, whereas the Shell-Mex building is always with us. Had its plans been subjected twenty-five years ago to the critic's comment that today would probably be invited, it is possible that it might be better building and the banks of London's river to that extent less shameful than they are.

Is this intervention by the critic in the matter of other people's buildings, before they are built, an impertinence? Is it something that architects and their clients resent? Experience shows that if architects and their clients are resentful and are cagey about their intentions those intentions are usually sinister. I know one case where a well-known architect, asked whether he objected to his building being made

the subject of a public discussion, replied that he would look forward to hearing it, that his solicitor would do the same. I suppose he was within his rights; for the critic to damn a painting or book is one thing, to imply that an architect has caused his client to spend half-a-million to no good purpose is another thing.

Each year, for a century or more, exhibitions such as the Royal Academy have given us a preview of what may be built in the coming months, but the insignificance of the Architectural Room at Burlington House and the kind of architecture shown there have prevented any importance ever being attached to it. In the last few years, however, there have been developments that are a more direct reflection of increased public interest in building and of the greater scale and public importance of most building and planning projects. This development is the deliberate submission of plans to the public through the press. Mr. Basil Spence, with his design for Coventry Cathedral, set an unusual example by publishing sketches of his design as it developed—almost designing the thing in public—and then taking note of informed comment. I am sure that



One of the L.C.C.'s comprehensive secondary schools, at Woodberry Down, north London

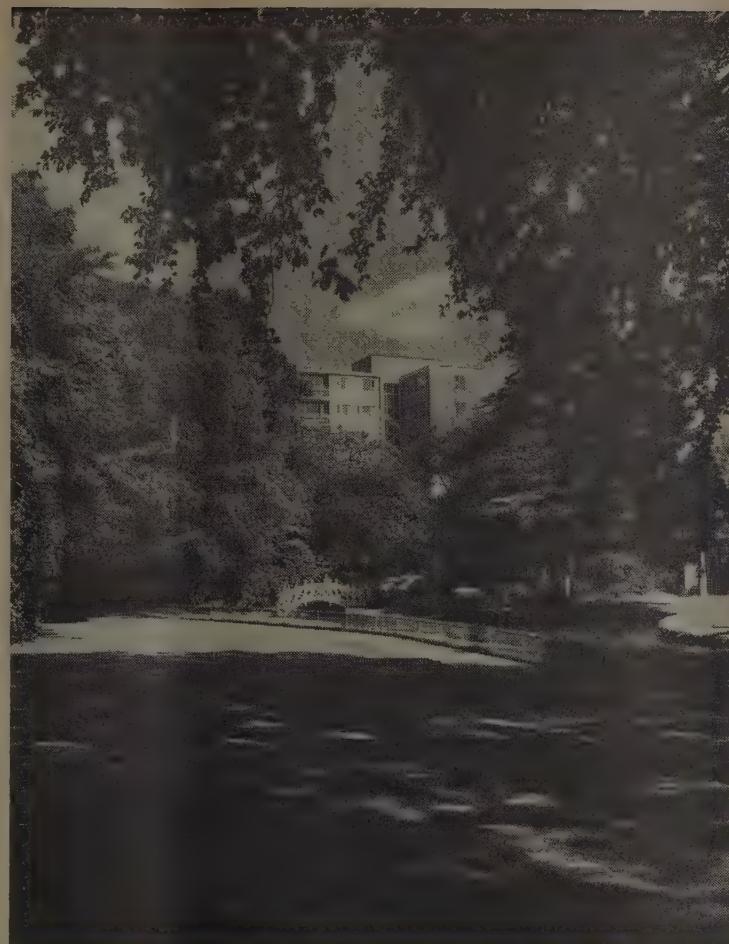
design has gained tremendously in the process, irritating though it may have been to the architect.

But schemes of even greater importance, or at any rate of greater size, are now regularly shown to the critics and comment invited. All the larger L.C.C. schemes, such as that for the Crystal Palace site, the Elephant and Castle plans, and the master-plan for the South Bank, have been dealt with in this way; so have the London Airport building, the St. Paul's Precinct, and the New Barbican. One or two private concerns have done the same, but not many. One big firm recently invited press criticism of their new office building, in the shadow of St. Paul's, after it was built: nice of them, but not much use by then.

Do the critics have any effect? Are their comments politely received and as politely ignored? It depends. I have mentioned the changes Basil Spence made in his cathedral design after publication of the earlier sketches. For Mr. Martin's master-plan for the South Bank there was little but praise; but the exhibition of plans for its detailed development by the Shell Company, with their own architects, raised more severe comment. Sir William Holford's scheme for the area round St. Paul's is an interesting case; his design was an informal theme as a link between the troque formality of St. Paul's itself and the utter irregularity of the city—an excellent solution. The Minister had wanted a grandiose and highly formal piazza in the Roman manner; it was only when faced by objections from a phalanx of critics that he gave way. That in turn was only possible because the City Corporation, critic-conscious at last, invited the press to view the model of the Holford scheme. Again, the Battersea Fun Fair tower—the wrong building in the wrong place at the wrong time—was quietly slaughtered by the critics and as quietly withdrawn.

More complicated is the story of the plans for the huge new technical college in Kensington, designed by Messrs. Norman and Dawbarn, on the site of the Imperial Institute. The authorities did themselves no good by remaining secretive for so long; the fact that the Institute was to be demolished was no secret and it was this, rather than the design of the new building, that aroused the critics and ended in a public meeting of protest. South Kensington was to lose its famous skyline of towers and minarets. The result was the revision of the plans so that at least the central tower of the Imperial Institute would remain. If the authorities had made their general intentions public sooner, they would have saved themselves the expense and delay of new plans.

It is becoming more and more difficult, with the increased public interest in architecture, to launch large-scale building secretly, and a bad thing too. It was recently announced that a hotel 190 feet high was to be built in Portman Square, subject to L.C.C. approval of the plans in detail. Are we going to be allowed to see those plans, and at an early stage? The hotel may belong to a private company but Portman Square does not. Are not all buildings, in a sense, public buildings? They are on the street. Should we not, therefore, have access to all plans submitted to local authority? Should not the critic always have the chance to intervene



'New housing rises among the trees and lawns that were once the gardens of rich Wimbledon merchants': flats on the Ackroyden Estate, Wimbledon

Architectural Press

before it is too late? True, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it might not be worth it, but the hundredth case might be vital. It is publicity that is the public's safeguard. Remember also that nobody need consult the Royal Fine Arts Commission, and that that Commission has no powers; it is a watch-dog without teeth. You could say that it is a mealy-mouthed body, and largely because it is a hydra-headed one—hydra-headed because almost every kind of artistic outlook is represented by able but polite gentlemen who defer one to another. To inspect plans would need legislation but no one's rights would be infringed. The critic could always be ignored, but the public—with its interest in the form of the city—would at least have its advocate.

I have illustrated my argument with recent London examples; there is also the country, the blitzed city, the village, and the open moors. The architectural critic, usually an urban 'bird', has generally paid too much attention to the town, only complaining in general terms about the ruthless spoliation of the island. However, a publication such as Ian Nairn's *Outrage* and his coining of the word 'subtopia'—ugly word for an ugly thing—has done good, even awakening consciences in high places, and doing rather the sort of job that another book, *England and the Octopus* by Clough Williams-Ellis, did a generation ago. But in the country we want more critics, a whole corps of vigilantes, questioning and examining the site and design of every artefact—every lamp-post, every power station, airfield, wireless mast, industrial estate, and camp—most of it large-scale litter by the Cabinet. The service departments, in particular, seem to me to have little regard for their public duty in this matter. Spit and polish on the Horse Guards Parade are no consolation for miles of derelict lorries or ruined huts all over the country. It is a first rule of scouting to leave the site tidy when you strike camp; the War Office seldom does. The Home Counties, battered by this and every other kind of vandalism, are long since a lost cause, and even the Hebrides are to have a guided-missile range. Why, when the great spaces of Canada and Australia are available?

Agitation, vigilance, and protest, in the town and in the country, is our only hope. In the wider sense, in the guarding of this once lovely island, everyone is deeply concerned. The real duty of the critic is to be their spokesman.—*Third Programme*

The report of the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations (F.A.O.) on *The State of Food and Agriculture 1956* has now been published. It can be obtained from the Stationery Office, price 7s. 6d. Prices have continued to move against the farmer in most countries, the report says, though in Europe prices of livestock products have been maintained. Falls in farm prices had not been accompanied by any general or appreciable fall in retail food prices. On the general situation and outlook, the report concludes: 'The basic dilemma of most governments is how to reconcile their dual responsibilities to maintain the economic position of farmers and at the same time to provide consumers with adequate food supplies at low prices. . . . In spite of the added urgency caused by surplus stocks, only a beginning has so far been made toward reducing production and marketing costs in order to bring more and better food within the reach of the poorer consumer'.

# Ghosts of the Past

H. R. CUMMINGS on some famous political figures

I WAS a young lad when I first saw in the flesh one of the big men who are now among the ghosts of the past. It was Asquith, and the time was the beginning of the century, during Joseph Chamberlain's tariff reform campaign. Asquith had been following Chamberlain round the country, and to my excitement he came to speak at our small town in Devon. Chamberlain had complained that Asquith's criticisms were all trivial—he said he would take up even a comma that was out of place. I remember how Asquith in reply passed from one substantial argument to another, saying each time: 'Now let us turn to another comma'. I lived in tory circles of the deepest blue but I was thrilled by all this, and I thought it was wonderful to be actually looking at one of our national leaders.

Years later my work had brought me into touch with many national figures, and often the glamour waned on close acquaintance. But this did not happen in the case of Asquith. My early admiration was confirmed when I saw him every day in parliament. I think his massive authority over the House of Commons has been equalled only by Sir Winston Churchill, though they have little else in common. Asquith spoke with close-knit precision and great economy of speech, the exact opposite of Sir Winston's spacious eloquence. He could pack a whole philosophy in a phrase, and he could dismiss an opponent in one sentence, as, for instance, when he referred obliquely to Lloyd George as one of those who 'mistake bustle for business and vehemence for strength'.

The ghosts I think of with most relish are some of the parliamentarians I used to watch daily in the House of Commons in 1913 and 1914. Asquith was Prime Minister then in a House that included such giants as Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Edward Grey, Haldane, the two Irish opponents, Redmond and Carson, A. J. Balfour, and F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead. L.G. was the most merciless debater of them all, and I think his quicksilver mind showed to better advantage in parliament than it did on the platform, where I must say I sometimes found him a bit artificial and his oratorical flights a bit forced. But in parliamentary debate he was devastating. He had one most effective gambit: he would slightly embellish and embroider an opponent's argument until it appeared quite ridiculous, and then laugh it out of existence. You never knew what he was going to do and it was always exciting. The man who was exactly the reverse of Lloyd George was Edward Grey. Someone said of Grey that he spoke with the quiet force of natural things, and that expresses exactly what you felt in the poise of the whole man. His oratory was not particularly impressive; his influence lay in his absolute integrity. The only time I ever saw him at all shaken was during his historic eve-of-war speech in 1914, when from time to time he played nervously with his handkerchief.

Of course we got a good deal of excitement—and entertainment, too—during the rampageous Home Rule squabbles. The opposing Irish leaders were strange contrasts. The rebellious one was not Redmond, the Irish Nationalist, but the Ulsterman, Sir Edward Carson. Redmond was dignified; firm yet conciliatory; not the kind of man who you could easily believe to hold the amazing record of taking his seat, making his maiden speech, and being suspended all in one day. But obviously he knew how to be rampageous if not in my time. Personally, I consider him the most statesmanlike Irishman of the last hundred years. No, the reckless revolutionary threats came from Carson. In his delightful Irish brogue he spoke with passionate eloquence, but even at his wildest and most melodramatic he was a joy to see and hear, a lovable as well

as a formidable figure. He got away with most outrageous things; it was hard to be angry with him, and you were often just simply amused. Anyhow, that is how I felt. 'What do you mean by Ulster?', he was once asked; and he replied in outraged tones, 'By Ulster, sir, I mean Ulster'.

Among the outstanding men in parliament in those days was Philip Snowden. No one had a more bitter tongue or rasped out his accusations more venomously. His pale features and his tight lips gave the impression that he was in fact a venomous man—but this was not so at all. In private he was one of the gentlest and most courteous souls alive.

A phrase in one speech of his that made a big stir in the House and outside it, has always stuck in my mind. He was attacking the Conservatives during a debate on armaments and he said (as I recall): 'If I were to fling a stone at random across the House I could scarcely fail to hit some Honourable Members opposite who hold shares in armament factories'. Then there was the sparkling F. E. Smith. He had great gifts but they were sometimes marred by his daring flippancy. He caused a tremendous rumpus when he spoke of the 'glittering prizes of war'. That did not suit the morality of the twentieth century. Oddly enough, one of the disappointing parliamentarians was Haldane. This intellectual and physically substantial Minister had

a squeaky little voice and he usually spoke at great length and at great speed. The Commons, I think, was not the right setting for his outstanding gifts.

Some of the big men I had seen in parliament I also saw in Geneva and elsewhere during the days of the League of Nations. In 1921 I was sent as an observer for the League of Nations Secretariat to the Genoa conference. This had been engineered by Lloyd George and I was the only time I ever met L.G. personally. The brief encounter was a bit of a comedy. Lloyd George was not friendly to the League (it was said because Poincaré had used the League Covenant to stonewall his efforts to get a settlement with the Russians and Germans) but there were many League officials at Genoa because they were the only people who had experience at that time in international conferences. When Lloyd George turned to a conference official for information and found he was talking to a League man he took no pains to hide his irritation. During the conference the newspaper correspondents gave him a banquet, and about a dozen of them, each wearing a small metal boot on his coat, sat together at one table. This group were all men who had been sacked by Northcliffe from *The Times* because they were known to be admirers



'The Man and his Shadow': a cartoon of 1903 illustrating the 'haunting' of Joseph Chamberlain by Mr. Asquith



Philip Snowden's 'pale features and tight lips'

f. L.G., who was Northcliffe's *éte noire*. So they formed themselves into what they called the Foot Club. Lloyd George was delighted by this. I was a guest at the banquet. I was seated inconspicuously, but as the chairman passed out of the room with Lloyd George he stopped and quite mistakenly introduced me as another Foot Club member. L.G. gave me a glowing smile and shook me warmly by the hand. So, unwittingly though it was, L.G. shed his charm on at least one League official.

Some of the parliamentarians saw at Geneva stood out more impressively than in the Commons. Balfour, for instance, seemed rather out of his element during his later years in the House: but he was one of the major personalities at Geneva and had a big influence there. He was everyone's idea of the true aristocrat, and amongst his many fascinating qualities was his gift of deliciously bland irony. I remember him on the tennis courts—playing very well, too, though he was nearly eighty then—always formally and fully dressed in a dark lounge suit. French colleague of mine told me that Balfour was the man he would choose to represent Earth if the planets met in conferences.

I think, apart from Lord Cecil, it was Balfour and Arthur Henderson who made the biggest impact at Geneva; they were complete opposites. Henderson's appeal lay in his forthrightness: he discarded all diplomatic finesse but he got away with it by his robust force of character. We all admired and enjoyed Balfour but we had a personal affection for 'Uncle Arthur', as Henderson was known. I remember showing Laval, the French Foreign Minister, into his room for some discussion on disarmament. Even apart from his principles, Laval was not a likeable person, neither was he very attractive. He came in—puffy, dark skinned, and wearing, as he always did, his unbecoming white tie. 'I am Laval', he announced.

Uncle Arthur's face on hearing this needless identification was a study. One of the ugliest of the statesmen, foreign or British, was certainly Laval; he was also one of the shrewdest and the most approachable, as he would often join a group of us Secretariat people and newspapermen for a gossip over a glass of beer in a local *café*. Briand, the Frenchman, could easily be buttonholed in the corridors too. I suppose he was the most eloquent of all the men I heard at Geneva, and he had a superb voice. But Briand would never give anything away to you if you caught him in casual talk. French statesmen had to watch their step carefully, and Briand himself once even lost office through playing golf with Lloyd George. He was accused of allowing L.G.'s charm to baffle him politically.

Then, among the foreigners, there were the two Czechs—Benes and Masaryk. Benes was friendly, rather shy and very serious, and he never seemed to relax. Some of the Big Power men did not quite like him:



Lloyd George with Lord Reading at Chequers in 1921

they suspected him as a meddler. But I think that he was simply an active man who was always on the alert to find ways and means for settling differences. Jan Masaryk was so lively and gay that some people thought him merely a playboy. This was not true: and when I saw him last, in Prague, when he was Foreign Secretary, his gaiety scarcely covered his distress. The Communists had just taken control, and he was deeply disturbed by the way things were moving. 'What am I doing in this *galère*?' he said. And then he began to speak wistfully of his days as Ambassador in London.

The most dramatic figure at Geneva was the explorer Nansen. He had a leonine head and athletic figure and looked every inch the splendid man he was. He was fearless and utterly without guile, one of those rare souls who are modestly conscious of their powers

and undefeatable in purpose. He was working then for the refugees of the 1914 war—people who had been deprived of their nationality and who by his efforts were given a special 'Nansen passport'. I never heard him speak of his Polar exploits—only of these human problems or of political problems which statesmen were shirking and which he insisted on bringing into the open.

Sir Winston Churchill is, thank goodness, no ghost but it is impossible to leave him out when one is thinking of men of that period before and during the first world war. In parliament he was pugnacious, adventurous, and always ready and eager for a tilt. When there was any tension or disorder he would sit perched on the edge of his seat, joining hilariously in the ironical laughter, or shouting jibes at the other side. You were always hearing the cry of 'Order, order, Winston' in the House. But he was irrepressible. 'That's a hellish insinuation', I once heard him fling back at an opponent—and mind you, he was not then a backbencher but the First Lord of the Admiralty. I recall what to me was a vivid scene when he was arguing the case for new battleships. Here was this brilliant, sometimes wayward, young man, standing at the Dispatch Box, skilfully marshalling all the relevant considerations before a crowded House. And there, up in the Gallery, over the clock, sat the old First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir John Fisher—Jackie Fisher—a grin on his sardonic features as he looked down on the young Minister with a sort of paternal pride and approval. The time was to come when that explosive old sailor would recklessly describe Winston Churchill as a national danger. Today Sir Winston is still with us—the greatest, I think, in that company of the past, and still, as someone has said, with much of the eternal boy about him.



Fridtjof Nansen in 1922

From 'The Saga of Fridtjof Nansen',  
by J. Sorenson (Allen and Unwin)



A. J. Balfour playing tennis at Cannes in 1913

—Home Service

# Justice and the Law: Drawing the Line

By J. W. A. THORNELY

**L**AWYERS are sometimes charged with splitting hairs and over-subtlety, and of course a tricky case is more stimulating than a simple one. The law, however, consists of many different principles, derived from past decisions in cases actually litigated in our courts, and applicable to various situations. If there occurs a new set of facts not precisely similar to those of any previously decided case, it must be determined whether those facts fall inside or outside the boundary line of the relevant principle. Usually it is perfectly clear on which side of the line the case falls, and nobody but a fool would litigate the matter. But every so often a case falls very near the line and a decision must be reached by a judge, after the lawyers have put the case to him. Similarly, an appeal to a cricket umpire for l.b.w. is not made every time the ball strikes the batsman's pads, but only when the ball seems to have been on or near the line of the stumps. It may be touch and go whether the umpire raises his finger, but nobody charges *him* with over-subtlety. But then umpires, unlike lawyers, need not give reasons for their decisions.

## Concern of the Courts

Although cynics may doubt it, the courts really are concerned to do justice according to law, and not merely to enable judges and lawyers to enjoy some stimulating intellectual exercise at the expense of the parties. To illustrate that this task necessarily requires the making of nice distinctions on occasion, I have chosen three cases decided this year, although I shall also use some earlier cases to help point the moral.

My first two cases concern a matter which is constantly before the courts, namely the civil liability in damages of an employer for the wrongful acts of his employees. A servant can himself be sued for his own wrongdoing, but often he cannot pay for the extensive damage which he causes. As his master is more likely to be able to pay, the law, as a matter of policy, holds the master vicariously liable in damages for his servants' wrongful acts towards third parties, provided that the acts were committed in the course of the servants' employment. The master normally covers himself against this liability by insurance, since his legal right to recover the damages from the servant himself may prove fruitless in practice.

My two cases are not at first sight easy to distinguish. In the first case a lorry driver was employed by a stone quarrying company to deliver stone from their quarry at Matlock to a building site near Birmingham. He stopped his lorry opposite a roadside *café* at about eight o'clock in the morning, after a four-hour journey. Whilst walking across the road to the *café* for refreshment he collided with a motor-cyclist and they both suffered injuries. The lorry driver was admittedly negligent and partly to blame for the accident. One is used to the pedestrian suing the motorist in such cases, but it may be salutary for some pedestrians to note that in this case it was the motor-cyclist who claimed damages for the pedestrian's negligence. But he sued the employers, the quarry company, as well as the negligent servant. It was held that the employers were not liable, since this was not an act done in the course of the servant's employment.

In the second case, tried at Nottingham Assizes and only reported sketchily in the newspapers, the servant was an engine driver employed by the Ministry of Supply. He was apparently using his shunting-engine as a convenient means of transporting himself to lunch at a canteen about half a mile away along a siding. Unhappily he negligently ran into a lorry on the way, presumably on some form of level crossing, the damage to the lorry being agreed to total £800. The Road Haulage Executive, who owned the lorry, sued the Ministry of Supply for this sum. This time it was held that the engine driver's act was in the course of his employment and the Ministry was therefore liable.

What, you may ask, is the distinction between these two cases, and how can one tell whether a particular act of a servant is or is not within the course of his employment? The master's liability extends to unauthorised acts of his servant, and even to acts expressly forbidden, provided they are so closely connected with what the servant was employed to do as to constitute simply an improper method of doing his job. The mere fact that the act is committed during the hours of

his employment is not enough, since he may be doing something different from what he was employed to do. As lawyers say, he may be on a 'frolic of his own'.

Let us first take two cases where the distinction is clear. In 1862 when competition between various horse-drawn omnibus companies in London was fierce, if not unscrupulous, one such company was held liable for an accident caused by its driver in pulling his bus across the road in order to obstruct a rival omnibus; and this in spite of express orders to their driver not to race against or obstruct rival buses. The reason was that the driver was doing just what he was employed to do, namely drive a bus, although admittedly he was doing it very improperly. But in a later case where the conductor of a bus took it upon himself to turn the bus round at the end of its route and negligently caused a collision, the company employing him were held not liable. Driving a bus is wholly outside the scope of a conductor's employment.

Let us compare two cases decided in 1948, one in New Zealand and one in England, where the distinction is by no means so clear. In the New Zealand case a hotel barman, on the express orders of the head barman, refused to supply further drinks to a drunken customer. The customer expressed his dissatisfaction with this decision by hurling his empty glass at the barman. Happily, as might be expected, he missed and the glass crashed at his target's feet. The barman was understandably incensed. Informing the customer in vigorous language that nobody could throw a glass at him and get away with it, he picked up a piece of the broken glass and hurled it back. His shot was well-aimed and hit the customer harmlessly on the back of the neck, but unfortunately a splinter broke off the glass and injured the eye of a bystander, who sued the barman's employers for damages. The New Zealand judges unanimously rejected the argument that this was an independent act unconnected with the barman's employment. True, it was a personal act inspired by resentment and a desire for revenge, but nevertheless it was part of the barman's job to refuse to serve drunken customers and to keep order in the bar. This was simply an improper and highly dangerous method of doing one of the things he was employed to do. The hotel proprietors were therefore liable.

## The Motorist and the Petrol Pump Attendant

Contrast with that the English case. A motorist drew up at a garage for some petrol. When his tank had been filled, he drove his van forward a short distance to make room for another vehicle behind him. The petrol pump attendant mistakenly thought he was absconding without paying and chased the van, calling upon the driver in very colourful terms to stop. This he did and, after further incivilities, he paid for the petrol. As he was driving away he saw a police car, which he chased and stopped. A policeman, whom he persuaded to return with him to the garage, listened to an explanation of the incident from both parties and tried to pour oil upon the troubled waters, saying it was not a police matter. The disappointed motorist, turning to leave, thereupon told the garage attendant that he would report his conduct to his employers. This was too much. The attendant, as the report concisely puts it, 'assaulted the plaintiff by a blow on the face with his fist, thereby causing him injury, loss and damage'. The attendant was arrested and the motorist later sued his employers, the garage proprietors, but they were held not liable. Here the attendant had supplied the petrol and received payment, and when the motorist drove away their business relationship ended. It was only during the subsequent altercation, when the motorist returned with the constable to complain of his incivility, that the attendant carried out what the judge describes as an act of personal retribution for something which he thought would affect him personally.

Let us now return to the cases of the lorry driver and the engine driver, with which we began. The lorry driver's employers knew of and impliedly sanctioned, their drivers' habit of stopping at a *café* for refreshment on early morning runs, but the drivers were not employed to do this. At the relevant moment this driver was neither driving his lorry nor doing anything on behalf of his employers, such as deliverin-

oods at the *café*, or going there to ask the way, or to be supplied with petrol or water for his vehicle. His act, therefore, was not a negligent act of doing what he was employed to do. The engine driver, too, though not expressly authorised to pop off to lunch on his engine, had apparently never been expressly prohibited from adopting this convenient practice. But at the moment when he hit the lorry he was in fact doing negligently what he was employed to do, namely to drive an engine. This probably accounts for the different decisions in the two cases. You will see that the dividing line in such cases is often a fine one, and the charge of hair-splitting is a little unkind when lawyers are faced with such delicate distinctions of fact.

#### Hire-purchase Contract

My other recent case concerns contracts, actually a hire-purchase contract. It shows how the courts will have regard to fundamentals in order that justice shall be done, irrespective of whether this involves fine distinctions. But I must first sketch in the background against which the case was decided.

In contracts for the sale or letting of goods on hire purchase, a variety of terms are implied either by statute or by common law. It is normally open to the parties to modify or exclude these implications by express provisions and traders are usually anxious to do so. The courts, however, interpret such clauses strictly and they must be carefully and clearly worded if they are to achieve their object. Thus in 1934 a contract was made for the sale of some new cars. The contract contained a clause whereby all conditions implied by statute, common law or otherwise were excluded. One of the cars supplied was not in fact new, but slightly used. In a sale by description, which this was, the Sale of Goods Act 1893 implies a condition that the goods shall correspond with the description. The sellers argued that they committed no breach of contract in supplying a used, instead of a new, car, since the express clause ousted the implied condition that it should correspond with the description. Such a result would clearly be both surprising and unjust. The Court of Appeal rejected the sellers' contention on the somewhat refined ground that, whereas the exempting clause only purported to exclude implied conditions, here the description of the goods in the contract as 'new cars' was an express condition, and so not excluded by the clause.

In another case, however, decided later in the same year, a contract for the sale of an automatic cigarette slot machine included a similar exemption clause which, this time, excluded not only all implied, but also all express, conditions. The machine was admittedly a machine of the type described, but it proved defective and completely useless. The Court of Appeal felt itself defeated by this wider exemption clause and reluctantly held that the buyer was remediless.

But can such a comprehensive clause really save a party from liability here, in effect, he never supplies the goods, or the type of goods, actually agreed upon? It is arguable in such a case that the seller, or person letting goods on hire purchase, does not merely break some express or implied term of the contract, but simply never performs the contract at all. This view was expressed in 1838 when Lord Abinger said: 'If a man offers to buy peas of another, and he sends him beans, he does not perform his contract'. It is this view that has now been authoritatively established by the Court of Appeal in this recent case, which we are now in a position to discuss.

A garage owner was invited to buy a car for some £600. He examined the car, found it excellent, and, since he did not have £600 available at once, agreed to buy it through a hire-purchase finance company, if the seller would arrange this. This was done. The car was sold to a finance company, but they never examined it and it remained in the seller's possession. The garage owner then signed a written form whereby the finance company agreed to let the car out to him on hire purchase. One clause of this form read:

No condition or warranty that the vehicle is roadworthy, or as to its age, condition, or fitness for any purpose is given by the owner or implied herein.

You may think these terms rather surprising, but such clauses are almost invariably inserted nowadays. They are deliberately designed to exclude remedies which buyers and hirers would otherwise enjoy under the condition of fitness for the purpose intended which would normally be implied by the common law, and so to save sellers and people who put out cars the bother and expense of ensuring that the cars are in fit condition.

About a week later the original seller dumped the car, or rather it had been the car, outside the hire purchaser's garage late at night.

On examining it the next morning, he found that it was little more than a heap of scrap iron. The radiator grille was broken; the tyres had been replaced by older ones; the radio set and all the chromium strips round the bodywork had disappeared. Nor was this all. A rope hanging from the front bumper showed that it had been towed there, and the removal of the bonnet showed why. The cylinder head was off, all the valves were burnt and two pistons were broken. The value of the car had been diminished by £150. The hire purchaser naturally refused to accept the car and it was towed away back to the original seller. As if this were not enough, the garage owner then found himself being sued by another company, to whom the original finance company had assigned their rights under the contract, for ten monthly instalments of the rent which he had agreed to pay.

This time the Court of Appeal totally rejected the view that the exclusion clause enabled the finance company to get away with supplying any old thing as long as it could be called a car. The company had at least a duty to deliver a motor car, and one in the condition in which it was when the hire purchaser agreed to hire it. The thing delivered here was not properly speaking a motor-car at all, but an immobile heap of junk. Certainly it was not what the garage owner contracted to take on hire purchase. This breach of their fundamental obligation to perform their contract thus prevented the finance company from relying upon the exemption clause at all, regardless of how comprehensive the clause itself might be.

To some people this distinction between a failure ever to perform a contract and the breach of an important term of the contract whilst performing it may seem somewhat refined. But it is a very real distinction, and I think you will agree that in making it the courts have fulfilled their duty to see that justice is done, in spite of ingenious attempts by some traders to give themselves a free hand.—*Home Service*

## The Sailor's Wife

In this garden by the piling seas  
The bird shadows on the stone pathway,  
The storm spared sunflowers  
And the bright fruits heaped at the door  
Are my one report of you.

Your face and shadow,  
Your flesh and blood  
Are here, so certainly,  
That this most normal scene becomes  
That curious port where now you are,  
Loading your ship with fantasies that make  
Geography a child's kaleidoscope  
Where here is there and this house loudly sings  
In a strange tongue all night.

I. R. ORTON

## Daybreak

The barrage of mere thought has stopped: the day is coming: dwarfs may watch the giants asleep.  
The night is fading and the seasons keep their promises: the trees in whispered play display a tenderness undreamed of, path of charity, ambition changed. And sleep may deep in its equations lie, yet leap to meet the wager of the sun and say the rains were wanted after all, the dark a dynasty that had to be.

Words come because there is renunciation from far off, a pressure eased, a time to mark with happiness. There is the promised sum of much that is half-known, a deeper tone of much forgiving, gone the antique storm.

DWIGHT SMITH

## Law in Action

# Compulsory Purchase at East Elloe

By H. W. R. WADE

THE case which has prompted this talk is one which recently presented the House of Lords with a question which sounds simple but which proved puzzling: can a compulsory purchase order, made by a local council in order to acquire land for council houses, be challenged on the ground that it was made with fraudulent motives? This led into a wider question, which can be put roughly like this: when Acts of Parliament confer special powers, for acquiring land or demolishing houses or anything of that kind, is it right to assume that parliament intends the powers to be available only to authorities who act *bona fide*? If a local council, for instance, carefully observes all the steps laid down in the Act and makes a compulsory purchase order, can the whole thing still be invalidated if the motive behind it was dishonest? Is there, in other words, a maxim of a general sort that fraud vitiates everything?

### Two Powerful Doctrines in Conflict

This question took a particularly acute form in the case I want to discuss, because the doctrine that there is always an exception for fraud came into conflict with an even more powerful doctrine, the doctrine that parliament's commands must be obeyed, however drastic they are. In this case they were drastic in the extreme, for the Act says that after six weeks a compulsory purchase order 'shall not . . . be questioned in any legal proceedings whatever'. So, after a very short period, the door to all legal redress seems to be shut and bolted in the firmest manner. But still the question remained, was there a back door for fraud, on the ground that parliament was assuming that all compulsory purchase orders would be made in good faith, and that any order not so made was not entitled to the immunity given by the Act? So difficult was this to resolve that the House of Lords were divided three against two, with Lord Simonds, Lord Morton, and Lord Radcliffe in favour of absolute immunity and Lord Reid and Lord Somervell against it. In the end, therefore, it was held that the Act made compulsory purchase orders invulnerable against every kind of attack, fraud included. The case was entitled *Smith v. East Elloe Rural District Council*, and the decision of the House of Lords was given last March.

Since I shall have to use the ugly word 'fraud' a good deal, I must make it clear at the outset that, at the stage the case had reached when it came before the House of Lords, no fraud had in fact been proved against anyone. It was purely a hypothetical case, for it arose out of a preliminary point which the defendants took, and which had to be settled before the trial proper could begin. The order for the compulsory purchase of the plaintiff's land by the Rural District Council was made in August, 1948, and was confirmed by the Minister in the following November. The property consisted of a house and some eight-and-a-half acres of land at Holbeach in Lincolnshire, and the council proceeded to put it into use as a housing site, pulling down the old house and building a number of new ones. Not until nearly six years later did the former owner issue her writ, in which she claimed damages for trespass and a declaration that the order had been made wrongfully and in bad faith. Clearly the plaintiff had left things rather late, but she was just within the period of six years permitted by law for actions of trespass, and well within the period of twelve years allowed for the recovery of land. It must be remembered that in cases of this kind, particularly if complicated by allegations of fraud, it may take a long time to discover the facts and to assemble the materials for a legal action. That is why the period of six weeks, which the Act allows, seems so very short. The Act is the Acquisition of Land (Authorisation Procedure) Act, 1946, and as I have said it lays down that after six weeks a compulsory purchase order 'shall not . . . be questioned in any legal proceedings whatever'.

Since the time which had elapsed was nearer six years than six weeks, the defendants took steps to have the writ set aside on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction, because the Act blocked all access to the courts after the six weeks. This defence was successful in the lower courts, and it was against the preliminary ruling on the

question of jurisdiction that the plaintiff was appealing. Thus she never reached the point where she could bring forward her evidence, for the decision at all stages was that her action was incompetent. Whether there was in fact any fraud or bad faith on the part of anyone was therefore left entirely unproved. Another curious point was that although the plaintiff had alleged bad faith in her original writ, it was not until she was finally appealing to the House of Lords that her counsel took their main stand on the subject of fraud, and raised the issue which makes the case notable and which caused such a conflict of opinion among their Lordships. This was her fourth and final challenge for she had already lost before the Master, a High Court Judge, and the Court of Appeal, when her case was argued on different grounds. The Court of Appeal had in fact refused her leave to appeal to the House of Lords, and it was only by obtaining special leave from the House itself that she was able to appeal yet again. And then, in the final round, the argument suddenly blossomed out into one of great general interest, even though of no greater success. Unfortunately there is no reward for the defeated but persistent litigant, but great is the debt which English jurisprudence owes to him. The East Elloe case was an outstanding example, since had the appeal not been pushed to the absolute limit there would have been no judicial discussion of the main point at all.

It is easy enough to understand the ground on which the three majority Lords decided against the appeal. If an Act of Parliament says that after six weeks a compulsory purchase order shall not be questioned in any legal proceedings whatever, that is that, and the jurisdiction of the courts is ousted by the express command of parliament. Parliament's practice of making statutes 'judge-proof' in this way has often been criticised, but I will revert to that question later. Taking the Act as it stands, the express ban on legal proceedings after six weeks is a legal knock-out, and you may wonder what argument could possibly stand up against it. So let us first look at the speeches of the two dissentient Lords, Lord Reid and Lord Somervell, who were of the opinion that fraud, if proved, would be a good ground for challenging an order even after the six weeks. They both share the same idea, which is well known in statutory interpretation, that even the most sweeping general words may be given a limited meaning if that is thought to be the true intention of the legislature. Perhaps I may quote a famous statement made nearly 400 years ago in the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth:

... It appears that the sages of the law heretofore have construed statutes quite contrary to the letter in some appearance, and those statutes which comprehend all things in the letter, they have construed to extend but to some things, and those which generally prohibit all people from doing such an act, they have interpreted to permit some people to do it. . . . So that they have ever been guided by the intent of the legislature, which they have always taken according to the necessity of the matter and according to what is consonant to reason and good discretion.

### Common Grounds of Complaint

Lord Reid and Lord Somervell were two 'sages of the law' who spoke in this same spirit. They pointed out that there are many grounds on which an order can be challenged in the courts without raising any question of *mala fides*—a matter which, as Lord Somervell said, has 'happily remained mainly in the region of hypothetical cases'. Common grounds of complaint in the ordinary run of cases are that the procedure required by the Act has not been properly followed or that the authority was going beyond the powers given by the Act (for example by requisitioning goods when the Act only authorised to requisition land) or that the authority has acted completely perversely, even though honestly. It was this sort of thing, according to Lords Reid and Somervell, that parliament had in mind in saying that after six weeks no compulsory purchase order should be challenged in the courts. But deliberate dishonesty is something different. It has become almost a habit for judges in the ordinary type of case to a

any general statement of the law some saving words such as 'except, course, in case of fraud'. As Lord Reid said, it has constantly been decided that bad faith stands in a class by itself. And now that an allegation of bad faith was at last in question, was it not the occasion to confirm that sweeping general phrases, even in Acts of Parliament, could not extend to something so exceptional and vitiating as bad faith unless there was some sign that parliament really so intended? Lord Reid said:

In every class of case that I can think of the courts have always held that general words are not to be read as enabling a deliberate wrongdoer to take advantage of his own dishonesty. Are the principles of statutory construction so rigid that these general words must be so read here?

### Landlord and Repairs to Property

This doctrine could be illustrated by many examples, both ancient and modern. I will take one modern one from a case which was in fact decided only two months before the East Elloe case, and may be thought in contrast with it in rather a striking fashion. This case was called *Zararus Estates Ltd. v. Beasley* and it dealt with a point under the Housing Repairs and Rents Act, 1954. That is the recent Act which allows the landlord of rent-restricted property to put up the rent if he has spent a certain amount on repairs. The landlord has to serve a notice setting out the repairs he has done, and if the tenant disputes the facts he has twenty-eight days in which to apply to the County Court. If he does not apply, he cannot later dispute the landlord's expenditure on repairs, for the Act expressly says that then the landlord's statement of expenditure shall not be questioned. What happened in this case was that the landlords served their notice, the tenant let the twenty-eight days pass, but did not pay the extra rent. Eventually the landlords sued her for it, and then for the first time she alleged that a large part of the repairs had not in fact been done, and that the statement which accompanied the notice was false and fraudulent.

The landlords quite naturally took shelter under the provision which said that if the particulars were not challenged within twenty-eight days the amount of the work done should not be questioned. They argued that the prohibition against questioning the particulars was firm and qualified, and that the evident intention of parliament was to rule out all arguments as to the facts if the tenant did not dispute them within twenty-eight days. The tenant ought not, they said, to be able to round the prohibition in the Act by framing the case as an accusation of fraud. This argument was accepted by the County Court judge and Lord Justice Morris in the Court of Appeal. But the majority of the Court of Appeal, Lord Justice Denning and Lord Justice Parker, held that an exception ought to be made for fraud and that in a case of fraud the general words of the Act should not apply. (Here again I must interject that no fraud had in fact been proved, and that the only question was whether the tenant would have a case if she could prove it.) One passage in Lord Justice Denning's judgement is particularly striking. Dealing with the argument that the twenty-eight days time limit closed the door to every kind of defence, including fraud, he said:

I cannot accede to this argument for a moment. No court in this land will allow a person to keep an advantage which he has obtained by fraud. No judgement of a court, no order of a Minister, can be allowed to stand if it has been obtained by fraud. Fraud unravels everything. The court is careful not to find fraud unless it is distinctly pleaded and proved; but once it is proved, it vitiates judgments, contracts and all transactions whatsoever.

### Dispensations... even for Fraud

In this quotation you see exactly the point of view which the House of Lords, by the narrowest possible majority, rejected in the East Elloe case. You probably noticed that in Lord Justice Denning's catalogue he grossly included ministerial orders among the things that fraud 'unvitiates'. I see no reason why that should not be taken as a perfectly good statement in any case where parliament has not expressly provided that there shall be no recourse whatever to the courts. But where parliament has so provided, as in the case of compulsory purchase orders, the East Elloe decision makes it plain that there are to be no dispensations under the Act whatever, even for fraud.

In the end, it all comes back to the language and implications of the Act, and the court ponders the question whether the language is 'strong enough to override the rule that "fraud unravels everything".

The trouble is that this question is as nearly imponderable as a judicial question can be. If you propound it to a number of judges, it is almost certain that there will be conflicting opinions, as there were in the cases I have instanced. This state of uncertainty is one of the symptoms of weakness in our constitutional law—we have no sacrosanct principles, only an omnipotent parliament, and no Bill of Rights or anything else can resist the express words of a later Act. But parliament, when it legislates, is usually dealing with some practical problem, and not thinking of unusual contingencies such as fraud. That is why the courts have been venturesome in finding loopholes in wide general phrases which seem to leave none. Parliament cannot be expected to think of everything at once.

So, despite the imperious language of the Act, there are respectable legal reasons for saying that judges need not hold themselves to be completely gagged and bound by the provision against challenge after six weeks. Nevertheless, this is what the majority of the House of Lords did hold, and of course it is the solution which renders the most literal and respectful obedience to the language of the Act. One may, however, wonder whether it is a good thing for parliament to put such drastic fetters on the ordinary right of the subject to challenge the legality of action taken against him. The practice has often been criticised, especially in one of the best known of our blue books, the Donoughmore Committee's report of 1932. In those days the favourite formula was that confirmation of the order by the Minister should be conclusive evidence that it was within the powers of the Act—the Housing Act of 1925 was one example of its use in this form. The Committee said that this was an objectionable clause and was probably never justified, and that even in the most exceptional cases there ought to be a period of say three or six months in which challenge could be made. The next Housing Act, that of 1936, accordingly allowed a period for challenge, but it was only six weeks—the same period as is now allowed in compulsory purchase cases, and which was aptly described in the East Elloe case as 'pitifully inadequate'.

### Unscrambling the Eggs

Why is the time limit so drastic? There is of course a reason, and the reason is that the local authority wants to go ahead and build houses or a school or whatever it may be, and wants to be certain that nothing can go wrong and that no one can challenge its title to the land after a very short time. The East Elloe case was a good example, for by the time the owner's action was brought, some years after the land had been taken, a number of the council houses were already built. In a case like this, how can you unscramble the eggs when the land has already been changed out of recognition? Obviously this is a genuine difficulty, and it weighed with the majority of the House of Lords that parliament intended to give complete finality to these orders after six weeks. But the two minority Lords were prepared to face all the possible inconvenience of invalidating the order and handing back the land, and one of them, Lord Somervell, said that he would think it much more inconvenient to the administration, national and local, as a whole that a person defrauded should be deprived of any remedy in the courts.

There is the dilemma which underlay the interpretation of parliament's wishes. Compulsory acquisition of land proceeds on ordinary legal principles, and the title acquired is either good or bad. If the courts were at liberty to find a half-way house to suit the needs of the case, they might well refuse to upset the title after the six weeks time limit, but allow an action for damages if fraud could really be proved afterwards. In fact, the House of Lords nearly succeeded in arriving at this result, for they did hold that any individual whose *mala fides* might have caused the order might be sued for damages in his private capacity outside the time limit: thus an officer of the Council might be liable personally even though the Council was not liable corporately. It would be more satisfactory if public authorities had to bear their own liabilities fully, and on their own shoulders. The East Elloe case certainly suggests that parliament ought to take steps to this end, so that the law may be at once both clear and just.—*Third Programme*

Two pamphlets recently published by Pall Mall Features are *The Meaning of Freedom* (price 4s.) containing six essays by Dr. Gilbert Murray, Dean W. R. Matthews, R. J. Cruikshank, Graham Hutton, Victor Gollancz, and Lord Reading, with a foreword by Lord Samuel; and *Russia by Twilight* (price 2s.) containing six articles written by Willy Bretscher, Editor-in-Chief of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, on the changes that have manifested themselves in Russia during the last twelve months.

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# Dr. Maude Royden: a Personal Tribute

By DAME KATHLEEN COURTNEY

I FIRST met Maude Royden when we were students together at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, in the closing years of the nineteenth century. She was, I suppose, the most brilliant student of her year, though in her finals she did not altogether do justice to her great intellectual gifts. She took such tremendous interest in things beside studies—social and religious questions, art and the theatre, holidays out of doors, clothes. Yes, she liked clothes. Her letters are full of illusions to them: 'I have just spilt a whole inkpot down the front of my red muslin frock and life seems empty of joy.'

Our principal at that time was Miss Wordsworth, a very human person but also rather formidable. It was her custom to invite students to sit beside her at dinner. We knew she hated to be bored, and as many of us rightly suspected were boring, these occasions could be alarming. I remember my relief on one of these when I found on the other side of Miss Wordsworth was seated Maude Royden. I knew then that there would be a delightful flow of conversation—as indeed there was; Miss Wordsworth was her genial best and, surprisingly, I found myself contributing quite intelligently to the talk. I mention this because it was characteristic of Maude Royden. Her wit and wisdom, her 'well-furnished' mind made her throughout her life the best company. Moreover, she had that unusual faculty of bringing out of the people who were with her any wit or intelligence they might have. This was due to something fundamental in her character. She never looked down upon people. She always regarded each person as an individual with something to contribute. She drew from them what they scarcely knew existed within them. This was one of the qualities which made her so attractive to young people. There was no defect in other people she could not understand; that was envy. One night, she said, as well envy the grass for being green or the sky for being blue.

At college Maude had come to think about social affairs through the general awakening of a social conscience at that time. Her first call was to social service. This took her to a settlement in Liverpool where she certainly saw life in the raw, and later to Poplar where she rented a small house and got to know something of life in dockland. But all the evils which she saw and deplored were, to her, consequences. She wanted to get at the causes, and as she believed these causes were political she felt women must have the vote. That is how she became a leader in the suffrage movement, and it was here that she developed her great gift as a speaker. I should add, however, that she was not one of the so-called 'suffragettes' but belonged to the constitutional side of the movement, because she objected to violence.

But when the suffrage movement was perhaps at its peak, another challenge came to us all: the first world war. Her reaction to that war was pacifism. This attitude required a great deal of courage. The meetings she spoke at were often hostile, sometimes violent. She remained a pacifist until the 'thirties, until the rise of Hitlerism. This made her realise that there are wrongs which cannot be tolerated and must if necessary be resisted by force. So she renounced her pacifism and became a supporter of the second world war, and she was not afraid publicly to announce this change of mind which caused great disarray in the pacifist camp. This was, I think, one of the most marked instances of her extraordinary courage in facing life and in facing truth. She was

never afraid of truth, never afraid to follow it out and take the consequences. She had such immense moral courage. She spoke boldly on subjects like the relations between the sexes—subjects smothered by taboos. She dragged falsehoods and pretences into the open.

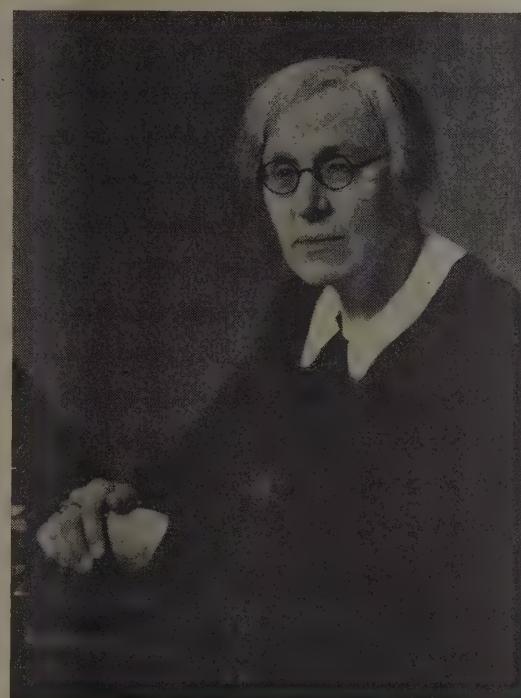
During all the years in which Maude was struggling either for women's suffrage, for social reforms, or a right attitude towards world affairs, she was really finding her true vocation. There had always been a deeply spiritual side to her nature. She was constantly seeking after God: as her experience of life deepened, she felt the urge to kindle in others the fire that burnt in her own heart. She wanted to

help the unimportant to realise that they too could see and follow a star. She earnestly desired to serve her own Church—the Church of England, of which she always remained a faithful member—and it was a constant disappointment to her that the Church gave her no adequate field for the exercise of her spiritual gifts. This denial involved her in the struggle for the recognition of the ministry of women. It was left for the Congregationalists to offer her a pulpit. And in their great church in London, the City Temple, she ministered Sunday after Sunday to crowded congregations. It was here she became known as a great preacher. It was not only the reality of her sermons that attracted people, but her singular command of words and that beautiful flexible voice.

Later, with Dr. Percy Dearmer, she founded the Fellowship Services, interdenominational services which she conducted in the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square. It was in one of these sermons, I remember, that I heard her speak of the response that should be made to the sorrows which life brings to us all. She would remind those in trouble that all difficulties in life, all handicaps, were really a challenge to the sufferer to make things easier for other people faced in the future with the same difficulties and distresses.

Maude herself was lame. She had been born lame and knew that her lameness was incurable. This was a tremendous handicap, or it would have been one to many, but she somehow turned defeat into victory. I have sometimes wondered whether, if she had not been lame, she would have done as much as she did. But because, owing to her physical disability, many channels were closed to her, she concentrated on other things. She was a great reader, a tremendously keen student of Shakespeare—she knew some of his plays, I think, by heart. I have always thought she might have been a great actress. Also it occurred to me that perhaps without her lameness she would not have understood so much of the troubles and frustrations of human life. I think Maude's most striking characteristic was her amazing human sympathy. There was almost no trouble or distress, physical, mental, or moral, which she did not meet with an outpouring of sympathy and understanding. I do not think anyone who went to her for help came away without it. And she always gave her entire attention to anyone who wanted to consult her, however trivial their claim upon her might seem. But her compassion was always accompanied by a sense of humour and by an entire absence of sentimentality.

But sympathising with people of all kinds to the extent she did was a tremendous strain upon her. Her sympathy was sometimes exploited and she would wear herself out over the selfish and self-centred. I remember many years ago, at a time when she was completely exhausted,



Dr. Maude Royden, C.H. (1877-1956)



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the distinguished surgeon Lord Moynihan advised her not always to try to help even the 'unhelpable'. He said of her 'such a servant of God must not be wasted'.

Maude's sense of humour was a very real one. She regarded it as a sense of proportion and as one of the solvents of difficulties and misunderstandings in human life. When her adopted daughter married he gave an address on the need for a sense of humour in married life, and her audience, at first slightly shocked, presently found itself laughing. I remember another occasion when she was speaking about the difficulty that older people sometimes had in living together. She refused to take this with seriousness and solemnity. She said, 'we are told that little birds in their nests agree, but in my long experience I've never yet seen a nest containing elderly birds'. This was the sort of spirit she brought to questions and problems about which people fussed and were pompous. Maude hated a pontifical manner or artificiality; she would storm against these. Nobody with her particular intellectual equipment could be expected to suffer fools gladly. Yet she was never impatient with people who were simple or even a little stupid, provided they were honest. I suppose it is impossible to have that kind of quick mind without being to some extent impatient. But she generally managed to master it. And once she had made up her mind about anything it was not easy to get her to change it.

Maude was a wonderful companion on holidays. Her personality always seemed to dominate everything and it was the greatest fun to be with her—that is what so many people have remarked. It was indeed part of her charm that she was not either highbrow or solemn. She revelled in beautiful scenery, beautiful pictures, bathing and boating, meeting odd people and doing odd things. She and I both had an inordinate love of tea. We used to make it in the most unexpected places—on one occasion, I remember, on the floor of an Italian railway carriage. I seem at one time to have suggested in a letter giving up tea in Lent. She replied, 'My dear girl—do, do let me advise you

about Lent. It is a source of spiritual pride—most subtle of sins—to go without tea. Regard this idea as a temptation of the devil my child and put it behind you—not the tea!'

To come back to holidays, we were once spending a few weeks together (accompanied by our spirit kettle) at a delightful little place on Lake Orta. Our innkeeper became a great devotee of Maude's and introduced us both to some nuns who ran a little hospital, and we paid them a visit. The sisters were as sweet and delightful as our innkeeper, but they were not very pleased when it had to be broken to them that we were Protestants. After a sad look of dismay, however, they brightened up and said 'Ah yes, we understand . . . protestanti credenti'; and since then Maude and I have always known ourselves as protestanti credenti.

In 1952 Maude left her home on the Kentish Weald and came to live in Hampstead. A year later she became ill and I used to go and see her about once a week. I had not seen her for several weeks before she died because she was really too ill to have visitors. Yet I do not think that the break has been quite so sharp as it might have been if her long illness had not accustomed both her and her friends to the feeling that she was slipping away from us.

How can one sum up Maude Royden's achievements? They are certainly not written in stone or brass, but rather in the lives of those she inspired. In the eventful period through which she lived, she gave herself to one cause after another and helped to bring about reforms—family endowment, for instance, and the opening of new professions to women and the general freeing of women from old conventions: reforms which are now taken for granted by those who know nothing of what it cost to win them. Lord Moynihan spoke of her as a servant of God. She was also the servant of her generation.

To me Maude Royden was the most unique personality I have ever met. I never ceased to wonder that I should have had the good fortune to count her as my friend.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### China Revisited

Sir.—Dr. Victor Purcell has perhaps an easy task in criticising Professor Lancelot Forster's choice of authorities for defending the Kuomintang's regime but surely Oxonian chivalry may challenge Cantabrigian over-confidence in flaunting the motto 'vae victis'! Dr. Purcell's view of Peking's stability, as Mr. R. W. Ford points out, cannot be disputed at the moment, but Mr. Ford's refusal to be as lyrical as your broadcaster will be understood by all who are aware of the mass executions, mob trials, and system of 'thought reform' whereby Peking has asserted its authority and won Dr. Purcell's certificate of being 'less oppressive both to soul and body than was the Kuomintang'.

'Ancient history', which perhaps is Dr. Purcell's euphemism for Henry Ford's 'bunk', is not really irrelevant in comparing the Kuomintang's achievements with those of its successor. However discreditable may have been the failure of General Chiang Kai-shek to check and eliminate the corruption and inefficiency which brought him down (in January 1936, during a visit paid by me to him and his wife in Nanking), his request, when the Japanese threat was the main subject of discussion, disclosures of evidence of serious corruption in high quarters are also under review, but I must confess that they made all too little impression), the success which he had in almost unifying China in July 1937 after the Kuling conference should surely be recalled as a signal service to his country. It may be all very well but far too smug to believe as Kuomintang propaganda the valid argument that Japan's invasion, started in Septem-

ber 1931 and developed in intensity in 1937 onwards, shattered the administrative fabric of the still infant Chinese Nationalist regime by the occupation of Nanking and the 'Han' cities and the enforced exodus of the central government to Chungking. Nor could it be denied that, from 1931 to 1940, General Chiang Kai-shek's China 'stood alone'. That point is, I suggest, what Professor Lancelot Forster seeks to make.

As for popularity, those who were in Shanghai in December 1936, as I was, and personally witnessed and heard the wild but well-ordered demonstrations of delight at General Chiang Kai-shek's release from captivity in Sian, could be under no delusions in regard to his position as the trusted leader of the country. As for the Kuomintang, the praise which it received in its early days was perhaps less mass-produced than that now coming to its successors but it spoke eloquently of confidence and hope—neither unhappily justified by events, some of them within and some beyond its control.

Yours, etc.,

Beckenham

EDWIN HAWARD

### The Intellectual in the English World

Sir.—The assumptions lying behind Sir Harold Nicolson's talk, published in THE LISTENER of October 4, cannot be allowed to pass without challenge. Sir Harold presents two major theses: that the English public's apathy to politics and passion for sports are ultimately beneficial rather than harmful to our social fabric; and that though their indifference to the arts may be regretted, it fosters a desirab-

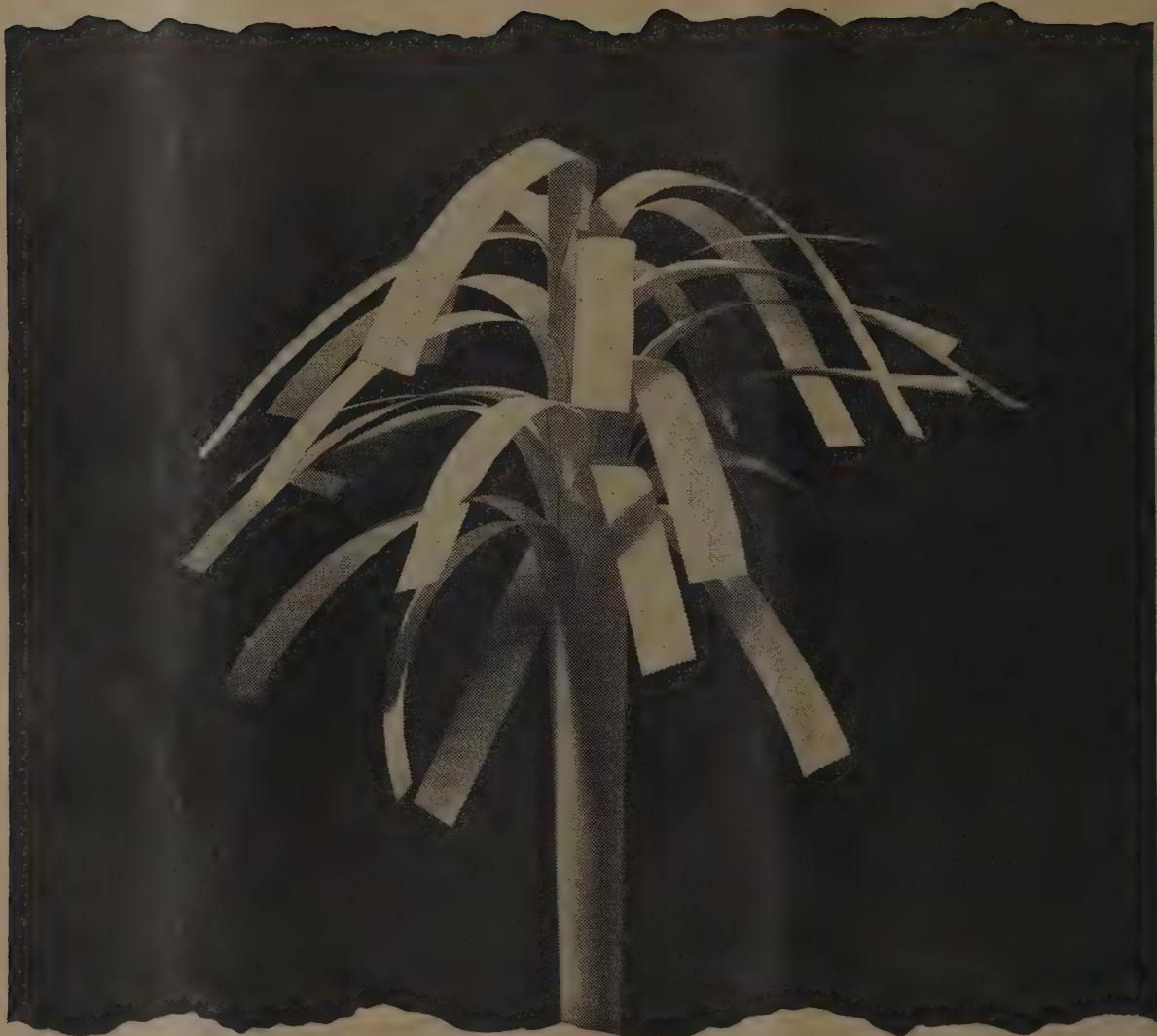
le solidarity among a minority of creative artists.

Let us examine these points in order. 'A certain degree of public apathy', Sir Harold writes, 'even of public lethargy, is essential to an ordered state'; and summons 'historians, sociologists, and students of politics' to confirm this. One at once asks: What kind of a state? The answer is obvious and alarming. A dictatorship or an oligarchy at worst; at best the aristocratic and intellectual paternalism of Plato's Guardians. Sir Harold seems to be hankering after the diplomat's dream of government by unassailed legislation.

This (which might be called the Establishment view) makes a mockery of democracy in any sense of the word; and Sir Harold should know very well the consequences of mass-apathy. In the ancient world it led to *panem et circenses*; today (more dangerously, one would have thought, from Sir Harold's own position) to the growing influence in trade union affairs of a small—but politically active—group of communist-inspired officials, elected largely because no one had the energy or interest to oppose them.

Sir Harold next draws a sharp contrast between politics and art. This arbitrary separation seems to me both unrealistic and dangerous; but it certainly explains the artist's limited influence, which Sir Harold somewhat wistfully regrets. Having praised political sluggishness, he smartly turns round and castigates aesthetic Philistines as lazy, irresponsible, and stupid. The clear implication is that art functions in a sealed enclave, and is—or should be—powerless to affect living issues of society.

The contrast he presents is, in fact, illusory.



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His attitude to politics and art is basically the same: the privileged intellectual knows best by definition; whether as Minister or artist he should regard only his fellow-equals, and not pay attention to 'the public's tastes and opinions'—though the artist may occasionally regret that they 'should not be more aware of aesthetic and literary values'.

Such ivory-tower snobbery, whether labelled Cliveden or Bloomsbury, can only be responsible in the end for its own destruction. Sir Harold wonders why continental intellectuals are respected. 'Because they are involved with their society; because their opinions are solicited and valued on world affairs; because they do not arbitrarily split off the political and aesthetic, to the detriment of both. The intellectual's activities are *not* virtually unaffected by 'either the fall of Empires or the fall of the pound'. The former—to take a random example—substituted Menander for Aristophanes; the latter produced Mr. John Osborne; a stormy petrel in whose creation Sir Harold too played an unconscious part.

The most alarming quality of Sir Harold's talk is its classic Keynesian time-lag in contemporary awareness. When he talks of 'the English'—with an emphasis on character-building and compulsory sports—he really means the minority with a public school education. The English as a whole do not play cricket; they watch soccer. 'Intellectual' became a pejorative term in the early nineteen-thirties, with a political as much as a moral or aesthetic connotation. We may or may not lead the world in science and technology; but because of the persistence of Sir Harold's class views we gear our education socially to the humanities, and thus produce an acute shortage of first-class scientists.

When one considers the shocking implications of this talk, one is reminded of A. E. Housman's words in another context:

No scholar of eminence, even in the present age, has ever enunciated such a principle. Some, to be sure . . . have virtually assumed it in their practice, as a convenient substitute for mental exertion; but to blurt it out as a maxim is an indiscretion which they leave to their unreflecting imitators, who formulate the rule without misgiving, and practise it with conscious pride.

Let me, lastly, to anticipate certain obvious arguments, state that I received a public school education, took a degree in classics, and am Conservative by political conviction.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

PETER GREEN

### The New 'Establishment' in Criticism

Sir,—Mr. John Holloway, in a talk printed in THE LISTENER of September 20, objected to my having said that 'strait' can mean 'packed together' as well as 'at once' in the grand lines of Marvell:

The mind, that Ocean where each kind  
Dotti strait its own resemblance find.

What ineptitude, he says, it would be for Marvell to say that the mind is like an ocean, and at the same time suggest that it is small. Empson only thinks this because he thinks all complexity is good; whereas the word 'ocean' itself forbids the extra meaning stringently. But the complexity is already there if 'strait' only means 'at once'; if the kettle goes overboard in the real sea you won't find it at once. The central thought here is that the mind, though very big in one way, is very small in another; Marvell expected this paradox to be perfectly obvious to the reader, as immediate as a joke. One cannot be sure that he intended the double meaning, but it would only heighten the effect of his graceful piece of wit.

That Mr. Holloway cannot see the point at all is surely a curious development in the history of taste; I suspect it comes from 'Imagism'—that is, he thinks that, if you are told the mind is like the sea, you ought to make pictures of the sea in your head and forget all about the mind.

Sheffield, 10

Yours, etc.,  
WILLIAM EMPSON

### Radio Telescopes and the Galaxy

Sir,—Professor A. C. B. Lovell (THE LISTENER, October 4) in discussing the expansion of the universe, suggests that the detection of the increase in wavelength of the 21 cm. hydrogen line strongly supports the reality of the expansion.

But does it? Hitherto, our evidence has been optical, based on the reddening of the light emitted by the distant galaxies. While many cosmologists have been content to accept this 'red shift' as a true Doppler effect indicating recession, there has always been, as Professor Lovell points out, an undercurrent of doubt as to whether the reddening might not be caused by some other effect, e.g., some property of space only manifested over these vast distances.

The fact that radio waves have now been shown to suffer 'reddening' (increase of wavelength), while interesting, surely does nothing to dispel this undercurrent of doubt: indeed, because of the continuity of the electromagnetic spectrum it would be more surprising if radio waves did not show such reddening, whatever the true cause may be. Unless centimetric waves are assumed to have properties radically different from those of the visual spectrum, then the discovery is not crucial and the reality of the expansion remains open to doubt just as before.

Only some fundamentally different type of observation or experiment could confirm or deny the reality of the expansion. And it may be that observations of this type are impossible by reason of some 'Principle of Impotence', as in other branches of physics.

Cheam

Yours, etc.,  
A. J. FEUILL

### Visiting a Soviet Health Resort

Sir,—I suppose any satirical account of Blackpool or even Brighton if read by a foreigner who had never been to England might give as misleading a picture as your extract (THE LISTENER, October 4) from *Krokodil* does of Kislovodsk. Humorous distortion for home consumption, say, in the pages of *Punch*, would hardly give the Russians an intelligible account of the British scene.

I spent a month recently in this pretty little Caucasian spa in one of the sanatoriums made so much fun of by the writer, and I visited several others. I also saw a good deal of the town and its environs. Throughout my stay I was never conducted round but was left to do as I liked and go with whom I chose. The scene as depicted by the extract is totally unrecognisable, except in two particulars: the films shown two or three times a week were not current releases—but these were showing at all the local cinemas; and it is true that the local photographers were busy in the park.

As for the rest of the story, here are a few facts and impressions. Kislovodsk has a famous mineral spring from which Narzan water is drawn. The writer says that bottled Narzan water is unobtainable here, but he knows perfectly well that it is provided free at the springs in the park to thousands daily. Of course, this is not bottled any more than the water you drink at Harrogate or at any continental spa. It is, however, bottled for export to the rest of

Russia. All the sanatoriums receive copious and fresh supplies for their guests every day, and it is on every table in every sanatorium. The writer says that smoke from the small bottling plant blots out the sky. This is completely ridiculous. We never saw any smoke at all, and the town is a large and scattered one covering miles of wooded hills. Our impression was of a charming old-world spa set in beautiful surroundings and completely unspoiled.

There are between twenty and thirty sanatoriums in the town and I stayed in one accommodating 300 guests. The medical attention was most thorough and was carried out by a large staff of doctors. The food was excellent, though too rich and plentiful for my taste. The sleeping accommodation was normal; there were no dormitories, but single and double rooms, and the service was most efficient. There were larger and more palatial sanatoriums than ours and also simpler ones. Those I visited seemed as comfortable as ours. There may be some bad ones, but they would appear to be exceptional.

Our entertainment was well catered for. There were dancing, concerts, and films in our recreation hall; the Yermoleva Theatre from Moscow was in Kislovodsk for the season, as was the Moscow Symphony Orchestra which played daily in the park.

Finally, may I say, and here fortunately I do not have to contradict *Krokodil*, that I, the only Englishman for a time in the town, as far as I knew, found everywhere a most friendly welcome and a readiness to listen to everything I had to tell them about England. And I think they obtained from me a fairer picture of our country than the writer to *Krokodil* gave to his.

Yours, etc.,  
JOHN LEWIS

London, N.10

JOHN LEWIS

### Letter to a Young Composer

Sir,—With all respect to Dr. Rubbra, he is surely wrong to dub a composer a systematiser when that composer neither writes according to a system nor teaches it to his pupils.

On Dr. Rubbra's specific points against me:

(1) Public analysis by the composer may be propaganda for the composer's method, but what is this to do with the making of systems? and Schönberg never committed himself to any definite attitude about any aspect of composition except that 'The Lord saw that it was good'.

(2) If Dr. Rubbra cannot hear the difference in style between Berg, Webern, Skalkottas, Gerhard, and Schönberg himself, that is his misfortune; but the differences are visible in the very appearance of the printed notes, never mind the actual sounds.

Yours, etc.,  
West Wickham

JOE WHEELER

### The Leek and the Shamrock

Sir,—May I suggest that Mr. E. Dovaston (THE LISTENER, October 4) seems at sixes and sevens in his references to the leek?

He says that the first mention of the leek as the 'badge plant' of Wales was in *The London Gazette* in 1722. He forgets Shakespeare's 'Henry V' and Drayton's 'Polydexion'.

His excursion into etymology is strange, too. Cenhenin is the Welsh word for a leek, and I dare to assert that it was domiciled in Britain long before its Teutonic counterpart.

As a Welshman I am elated to learn that our 'badge plant' signifies 'a noble mind and a kindly heart'. But what has the poor daffodil done to Mr. Dovaston?

Yours, etc.,  
Leamington Spa GEOFFREY STEELE-MORGAN

# NEWS DIARY

October 3-9

**Wednesday, October 3**

Mr. Macmillan, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaks in London of possibilities for closer British trade links with western Europe

3,000 British troops begin search for terrorists in northern area of Cyprus

Israel says she will no longer take part in investigations into border incidents held by the Israel-Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission

**Thursday, October 4**

Labour Party conference approves policy statement on colonial development

The Minister of Education, Sir David Eccles, speaking at Newcastle, says that technical education in future should be full-time

Second British atomic device exploded in Australia

**Friday, October 5**

United Nations Security Council begins discussions on Suez Canal

Conference of Suez Canal Users' Association ends in London after appointing six of the seven members of its executive

Labour Party conference ends at Blackpool

**Saturday, October 6**

In Federal Germany four members of Dr. Adenauer's Coalition Government resign

National Union of Teachers proposes that fully trained teachers should be released from National Service

Four former Hungarian Communist leaders, who were executed in 1949, are reburied at a 'rehabilitation' ceremony in Budapest

London County Council rejects five development schemes at Victoria station

**Sunday, October 7**

Member of the R.A.F. killed in ambush in Cyprus

Beatification of Pope Innocent XI takes place in St. Peter's, Rome

The Communist Parties of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria agree to establish closer contacts

**Monday, October 8**

At the meeting of the Security Council the Russian and Egyptian delegates propose setting up of negotiating committee on Suez Canal

First riot trials end at Poznan

Mr. Nehru attacks Communism in speech at Delhi

Princess Margaret arrives in Tanganyika

**Tuesday, October 9**

Security Council discusses Suez Canal in a private session, after public speeches by the Yugoslav and American delegates

H.M. the Queen returns to London after holidays in Scotland



Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary, speaking at the first meeting, on October 5, of the United Nations Security Council on the Suez Canal question. On Mr. Lloyd's right is Mr. Dmitri Shepilov, Russian Foreign Minister, and on his left Mr. J. Foster Dulles, American Secretary of State, and Mahmoud Fawzi, Egyptian Foreign Minister (extreme right)



A British military policeman, revolver in hand, standing by as Cypriots shopped in a temporary market-place in Nicosia last week. The market was organised as an emergency measure when it was found that, owing to the curfew imposed after the murder by terrorists of two police sergeants, the Greek Cypriot section of the town was cut off from the municipal market which is in the Turkish section



The marriage scene in the ballet 'Romance' which the Royal Ballet Company opened its season at the Royal Opera House. Ulanova danced the role of Juliet; the company (in London until October 21)



Margaret receiving a gift of fruit during her visit to an agricultural station in Zanzibar last weekend. Her Royal Highness spent two days on the island before sailing for Tanganyika



Natives of Zanzibar performing an umbrella dance outside the royal palace while Princess Margaret dined with the Sultan at a state banquet on October 5



nic by Prokofiev) with which the Bolshoi Ballet  
e, Covent Garden, on October 3. Galina  
eo; and Erik Volodin, Friar Laurence. The  
ng 'Swan Lake', 'Giselle', and 'The Foun-  
rai'



A photograph just received from Rhodesia showing the first stages of work on the great Kariba dam on the Zambezi River. When built it will create the biggest artificial lake in the world, at a height of nearly 400 feet above the bed of the river. The output of power from the scheme is expected to give great impetus to the economic and industrial development of the Federation

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*Journal of Educational Studies*

SHEED AND WARD

## Autumn Books

# The Crystalline Origins of a Prophet

The Diaries of John Ruskin, 1835-1847. Selected and edited by Joan Evans and J. Howard Whitehouse. O.U.P. 70s.

Reviewed by SIR KENNETH CLARK

RUSKIN'S first and greatest gift was an eye, both sensitive and tenacious in analysis. He focused it with most pleasure on rocks, clouds and trees, and the experience thus gained he extended to his judgement of works of art. This led to what seem to be errors of taste, like his unqualified condemnation of Claude, but it disciplined his faculties in a way that the aesthetic empiricism of the last fifty years does not. For this reason alone it is worth following the steps by which he came to write *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*. We can do so for the first time in these diaries, which Mr. Howard Whitehouse bought at the Severn sale in 1931. They have now been admirably edited by Dr. Joan Evans. It is true that they give rather a one-sided picture of Ruskin's mind, because, as Dr. Evans tells us in the preface, the most intimate volumes have been destroyed. The first entry for 1840 records that he will keep one part of the diary for intellect, one for feeling; only the former survives. If by 'feeling' he means his thwarted love for Adèle Domecq, this is no great loss. Such records are seldom convincing, and Ruskin's later love letters are among the most embarrassing examples of an embarrassing genre. The fact is that he was singularly incapable of those ordinary human relationships from which the more complicated and intense experience of love must spring. Even his feelings for natural objects seem to grow warmer when the objects are older. There are no observations of birds or animals, but fossil fishes are equitably in his mind, and when he writes about snow his prose takes on a different rhythm.

The 1835 diary, written at the age of sixteen, is in a way the most remarkable part of the book. No wonder the Ruskins thought their son a heaven-sent genius. In places the powers of observation and description are as great as they ever became. But the inhuman concentration is equally astonishing. In that golden age of vic travel, in the very year of Mr. Pickwick's coaching expedition, there is not a mention of a single human incident, of a coachman, an almoner, a waiter or a chambermaid. In the 1840-1841 journal the natives are sometimes described in a general way, but he never mentions his servants, who were his inseparable companions. The new interests which merge are, first, his health, for like all finely tuned young men he was resolute hypochondriac; secondly, an interest in architecture. Since Ruskin was later to change the whole current of architectural taste in England, these references to architecture are of considerable interest, and they will surprise those who are not fairly familiar with his life. They show no sign of that passionate partisanship of the medieval styles which was to inspire his greatest writings. He is on the look-out for picturesque bits which he can draw in the manner of Trout and Harding. In consequence he detests Florence—'beyond all doubt a stupid place'—and finds practically nothing to interest him inisa and Lucca. He still assumes that fine architecture will be Classic-Baroque, and the building which awakes his warmest admiration is Santa Giustina in Padua (which he wrongly believed to be by Palladio): the whole notion of medieval art as something with its own evolved standards of excellence had not entered his mind, and he does not even notice works like the Nicolo Pisano fountain at Perugia, which he was afterwards to describe so lovingly and make the centre of a whole philosophy. At this date Rio, Lord Lindsay and many others had already recognised the virtue of Christian art and begun to classify it historic-

ally, and Ruskin's later enthusiasm must be reckoned one more example (Roger Fry and Cézanne is another) of the time lag between discoverer and prophet. It is sometimes said that the violence of his later attacks on Renaissance architecture was based on a lack of understanding. These diaries show Ruskin looking at the Baroque churches of Rome and Naples with a patient, analytic mind, and, what is more, drawing them with a sensitive understanding of their style.

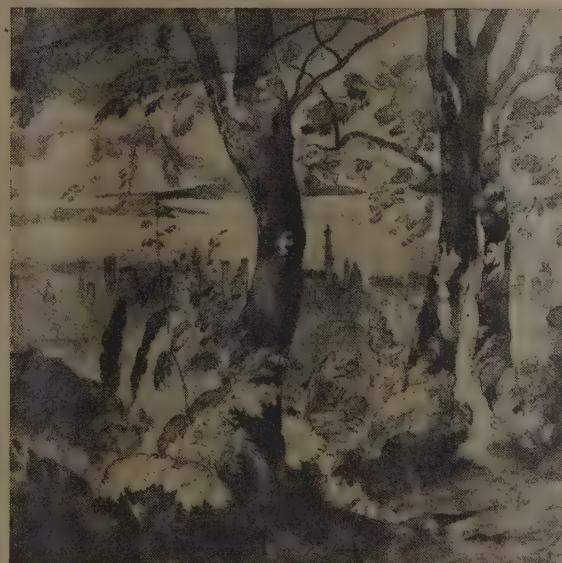
Only at one point can we guess the later direction of his interest: when he reaches Venice. Perhaps through his training in the picturesque, perhaps from his love of Turner, he seems to recognise the possibility of a new kind of architectural feeling. He cannot yet believe in the Doge's Palace, but St. Mark's enchants him from the first. And since with Ruskin, even more than with most critics, reason comes lamely and tardily to the support of emotion, it may well be that his architectural theories were primarily an effort to justify this enchantment.

But much as he loved Venice, he loved the Alps more. As he travels northward he is touchingly eager to catch sight of them again; he even fancies he can see them from above Bologna; and when at last he reaches them 'I could not have conceived I should have felt it so much. Thank God! I have lost none of my old joy in the Alps. I dressed in three minutes and rushed out, down through the galleried village and up on the cattle path among the dewy rich pasture—the blaze of the snow on every side, the rocks clear against the heaven and red and steep, and my eyes strangely well: able to meet the full blaze of the western pyramid without shrinking. Oh, happy!

I shall never forget this morning, unless my brains go altogether, and even then,

the sound of its cattle bells would ring in them'. Recalling this moment almost fifty years later he adds 'I had found my life again, all the best of it'. And in fact the episode is central to an understanding of Ruskin. It shows, for one thing, the importance he attached to feeling, meaning thereby not his immature emotions about Adèle, but the response of his whole being to nature and art. Like Coleridge in the 'Dejection' ode, he was haunted by the fear of *not* feeling, and with works of art the power often deserted him. But never with the Alps until, as he pathetically foresees, his brains went altogether. So if we want to know what dominated Ruskin's response to painting and architecture, we must begin by analysing these Alpine experiences—the whiteness of snow, the structure of rock, the fantasy of pinnacles and high clouds, the swirling movement of mountain streams, and above all the purity of the atmosphere, that word serving as a link between his aesthetic and his moral being.

Those parts of the *Diaries* which relate to England are naturally less interesting. He is bored in Leamington and bores us with hypochondria and good resolutions. He is busy in London, but all his thoughts and feelings are put into the writing of *Modern Painters*, and the journal contains nothing but engagements and that low water mark of all diaries, anecdotes heard at dinner. By 1844 the tone becomes rather more human, and for the first time there is a note of sympathy for his fellow creatures 'I think always of those who have no power of seeing what I see, and am full of remorse that I see it!' Ruskin the social reformer is about to be born; but Ruskin the geologist was never extinguished. We are promised two more volumes in which to follow this strange and tragic evolution.



View near Bologna, 1845: a sketch by John Ruskin  
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# Californian Belles Lettres

**Adonis and the Alphabet.** By Aldous Huxley.

Chatto and Windus. 18s.

AMERICA IS NOT a good place for the English writer. Rather it is too good a place for him. The sun shines, the readers smile; interest, hospitality, praise are showered upon him. Young intellectuals in the universities crowd to see and even hear him, and what he says they believe. In-time fatigue sets in. The literary immigrant begins to repeat himself, to let slip the clutch of his writing mind. People do not show that they have noticed; they are as kind and welcoming and, on the face of it, as appreciative as ever. This is all very bad for the man who has been brought up in the bracing critical atmosphere of England, where candour, sometimes fortified with malice, prevails, and no writer is allowed for one moment to forget his faults. In America his standards slacken because he is not kept up to the mark.

There are, of course, exceptions, and Mr. Aldous Huxley should perhaps be ranked among them. He has lived in California for nearly twenty years, and he has written at least a dozen books there. Some of those books have been extremely interesting; yet not one of them, I think, has ever been as good as the best that Mr. Huxley wrote before he went. This is not to suggest that his work has gone steadily down; on the contrary, it has oscillated sharply: what has gone steadily down is the reviewer's hope of ever again having a vintage Aldous Huxley.

*Adonis and the Alphabet* is made up of miscellaneous essays on philosophical, social, political, and literary topics. It is an unexciting book. Mr. Huxley's method as an essayist is still at once encyclopaedic and urbane; a wealth of knowledge and a great deal of—often unorthodox—opinion is put across as *belles lettres*. At one time Mr. Huxley could do this difficult thing supremely well. His information was interesting, his standpoint intelligible, his writing distinguished. His facts are now a trifle dull, his attitude has ceased to be clear, and his style is too often a parody of what it used to be.

Mr. Huxley has a lot to say in this new book about education. On the one hand he is sternly critical of the progressive ideas which have gained such a hold in America. He notes that whereas at the turn of the century nineteen per cent. of American schoolboys learned physics, the figure has now fallen to four per cent.; and that less than a quarter of the number of American schoolboys who studied algebra in 1900 study algebra today. Instead of mathematics and science, children in American schools have courses in 'life adjustment', which, Mr. Huxley says, 'teach only conformity to current conventions of personal and collective behaviour'. His points are striking ones, but the surprising thing is that he draws no conclusions from them. He cannot be thought to wish that more American boys learned algebra and physics, because he holds that we have too much knowledge as it is nowadays and too little of what he calls 'understanding'. Nor can Mr. Huxley be regarded as a champion of traditional classical education. Recalling the hours he spent at Eton putting English poetry into Latin and Greek, he says: 'I hate to think of all that wasted time'. In short it is impossible to discover what kind of education Mr. Huxley thinks children ought to have.

He is, however, plainly worried about the prospects for literature. He thinks that fewer and fewer people will in future want to read and that the cost of producing books is bound to rise. His solution to the problem is that books should be recorded on long-playing 'phonograph disks' instead of being printed, which is much dearer than recording. So enamoured is Mr. Huxley of this (to me distasteful) project that he says: 'Five or ten million (dollars?) spent in this way would do incomparably more good than hundreds of millions spent on endowing new universities or enlarging those that already exist'.

Mr. Huxley also touches on the problem of population. He believes that provided war is avoided, the citizens of industrialised countries are going to have ever increasing material prosperity, and are going to be more the happier for having it, while those who dwell in under-developed countries will enjoy (?) no such prosperity if their population is 'permitted to increase at anything like its present rate'. Once again it is difficult to see exactly where Mr. Huxley stands.

His views on religion are puzzling in a different way. Sometimes he writes as a rationalist, sometimes as a mystic. Sometimes when he speaks of mysticism he does so in a faintly mocking way, as when he says: 'One in all and all in One; samsara and nirvana are the same; multiplicity is unity, and unity is not so much one as not-two; all things are one, and yet all things are the Dharma-Body of the Buddha—and so

on'. Just how much scorn, I wonder, is hidden in those three words 'and so on'?

Mr. Huxley does not dwell for long in this present book on religion and mysticism. He flies briskly on to other subjects, occasionally to what might be thought unseemly subjects. The 'shocking' Aldous Huxley of the 'twenties appears in his account of a walk with Thomas Mann on a deserted beach in California:

Hardly a house was to be seen; there were no children, no promenading loin-cloths and *brassières*, not a single sun-bather was practising his strange obsessive cult. Miraculously, we were alone. Talking of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, the great man and I strolled ahead. The ladies followed. It was they, more observant than their all too literary spouses, who first remarked the truly astounding phenomenon. 'Wait', they called, 'wait!' And when they had come up with us, they silently pointed. At our feet, as far as the eye could reach in all directions, the sand was covered with small whitish objects, like dead caterpillars. Recognition dawned. The dead caterpillars were made of rubber and had once been contraceptives of the kind so eloquently characterised by Mantagazza as '*Una tela di ragno contro il pericolo, una corazza contro il piacere*'

This paragraph comes from an essay on the sewers of Los Angeles. It is, however, ironically, by far the best in the book.

MAURICE CRANSTON

## Sacred Discontent

**From the Other Shore.** By Alexander Herzen.

Introduction by Isaiah Berlin. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.

HERZEN, WROTE TOLSTOY in his Diary, 'awaits his readers in the future. He imparts his thoughts far above the heads of the present crowd to those who will be able to understand him'. His autobiography was translated by Constance Garnett as *My Past and Thoughts*, and appeared in six attractive little volumes in 1927. This work, Mr. Berlin asserts, 'is a literary and political masterpiece, worthy to stand beside the great Russian novels of the nineteenth century . . . an autobiography of the first order of genius . . . pre-eminent even in the nineteenth century which was exceedingly rich in this genre . . . a major work, comparable in quality and scope with *War and Peace*'. These are high claims, but those who know this work of Herzen's are not likely to disagree. It is a book of great charm, of precise impressions, and reveals, without vanity or self-consciousness, one of the most sensitive and intelligent personalities in the whole range of literature and history. Herzen's political record may not seem very significant to those who measure a man by the territory he has conquered, or the dead he has left in his trail. Herzen was active as a revolutionary, and the friend and inspiration of others whose conception of action was more dramatic. But he was too fair-minded to make a partisan, too sensitive to be a politician, too intelligent to submit the vital variety of life to the uniformity of a dogma. He belongs to the same rare order of intellectual light as Tocqueville and Burckhardt, and like them has the same prophetic sense of doom, the same disillusioned attitude to all systems of idealism. Driven into exile (twelve years of which he spent in villas in Richmond, Fulham, Putney, Wimbledon, and Teddington), he never lost his faith in his native Russia, believing that 'the common ownership of land and the village elections form a groundwork upon which a new social order may easily grow up, a groundwork which, like our black earth, scarcely exists in Europe'.

*From the Other Shore* (excellently translated by Moura Budberg) is a series of eight essays or dialogues—the form is quite indeterminate—written after the *débâcle* of 1848. It is described by Mr. Berlin as 'a frontal attack upon the doctrine at that time preached by almost every left-wing orator in Europe (with the notable exception of Proudhon and a handful of anarchists to whom no one listened), about the sacred human duty of offering up oneself—or others—upon the altar of some great moral or political cause—some absolute principle or "collective noun" capable of stirring strong emotion, like Nationality, or Democracy, or Equality, or Humanity, or Progress'. But let no one imagine that it is a reactionary book. On the contrary, it preaches the most revolutionary of all doctrines, the liberty of the individual. Herzen was against all forms of collective tyranny, whether of the State or the Church, or of dogma. 'The submission of the individual to society,

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to the people, to humanity, to the Idea, is merely a continuation of human sacrifice, or the immolation of the lamb to pacify God, of the crucifixion of the innocent for the sake of the guilty. . . . The individual, who is the true, real monad of society, has always been sacrificed to some social concept, some collective noun, some banner or other'.

Idealists, Herzen held, are great cowards—they are afraid of the truth, they are afraid of facts which do not fit their theories. He demonstrates this again and again from the events of 1848, but his observations range wide over history and philosophy. His central protest is against the dualism that would separate nature and history, in an attempt to make history logical or purposive. Life loves novelty, and is under no obligation to realise the fantasies and ideas of the philosopher of history. 'In history, all is improvisation, all is *extempore*; there are no frontiers, no itineraries. There exist conditions, sacred discontent; the flame of life and the eternal challenge to the fighters to try their strength, to go where they will, where there is a road; and where there is none, genius will blast a path.'

A romantic attitude, no doubt. But reading these comments on the events of a century ago, and with all that has happened since then in mind, there can be no doubt that this romantic was the realist—simply because he had a sense of limits. 'Life does not try to reach an aim, but realises that all is possible, continues all that has been realised. It is always ready to go one step further in order to live more completely, to live more, if possible. There is no other aim.'

HERBERT READ

## Oil Under the Powder

Of Carriages and Kings. By Frederick John Gorst with Beth Andrews. W. H. Allen. 16s.

IN THE REIGN of King Edward VII Mr. Gorst emigrated to the United States. His life before that had been spent in domestic service in England, and forms the subject of this book. He is now seventy-five. Allowing for the effusive tone of the note on the dust-jacket, the reader may reasonably expect a pleasant enough chronicle of the life of a young manservant in the period indicated, with some observations about the exuberant standard of living in those days, eking out perhaps with a few glimpses of the foibles of persons of fortune and title. The expectation is modest and is modestly fulfilled.

One of the thirteen children of a Liverpool baker and purveyor of provender, who suffered a reverse of fortune, the small Frederick began very early to earn his living and help the family budget. At thirteen he became a page in a theological college, then an apprentice ootman to two rich bachelor nephews of Gladstone, then footman to Lady Howard of Glossop, then one of four Royal footmen to the Duke of Portland, who was Master of the Horse. In formalised societies, where everything is supposed to go like clockwork, it is little accidents & unforeseen irregularities that disturb, impress, or amuse; and these are the things in Mr. Gorst's memoir which are diverting. As a memoirist he has something in common with minor royalties of the last century: he life he writes of was bounded by complicated convention and routine. The Duke rings his bell, and nobody answers for ten minutes: his household is 'thunderstruck'. A crisis develops when Mr. Gorst uses a little hair-oil before powdering his hair: his coiffure 'disintegrates' and 'rushes' to be excused from duty. The squire is apoplectic and Mr. Gorst 'frightened out of his wits' because he has used the expression 'a drop of port' instead of 'some port'. The King comes to dine in Grosvenor Square and one of the Palace footmen steals from a gold lattice a bunch of grapes from Welbeck weighing almost eighteen pounds. The Duchess insists on daily golf and judo lessons from a specially engaged Japanese expert for her footmen to counteract the effect upon their figures of too much beer.

Mr. Gorst's memory for detail and his old-world urbanity and ecorum, which sometimes find expression in platitude, are admirable in their way. But something has gone wrong, seriously wrong. Whether Mr. Gorst's long expatriation is the cause, or whether the lady who has collaborated with him is to blame, the flavour of the book is quite spoilt by Americanisms; and in a book which must depend for its effect upon the utmost precision in the resurrection of domestic detail, and which is by any standards weighty, this is disconcerting and ludicrous. Right from the beginning he tells us that his family went not to church but to

an 'episcopal' church. Worse, much worse, is to follow. News, on an estate in Cheshire, travels 'like a bush fire', and the squire calls hounds 'those hound dogs', jugs become 'pitchers', and a cloth on the dressing-table a 'scarf' on the 'dresser'. Victorian clergymen say 'right now'; and we hear of 'meatgrinders', 'Virginia creeper vines', 'individual partridges', and 'individual tables with special grooves for the demitasses'. It is not that American turns of speech are anything but proper when used in the appropriate place and time by the appropriate person. In these pages they are like hair-oil under powdered hair; the coiffure seems to be disintegrating; and unless the reader enjoys being disconcerted, or has a patient curiosity about what footmen wore and such specialised matters, he may 'rush', as Mr. Gorst himself once rushed, to be excused from duty.

WILLIAM PLOMER

## Reputations in the Making

Modern English Painters. Vol. II. Lewis to Moore  
By Sir John Rothenstein. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 35s.

THE FIRST OF THESE VOLUMES is already valued, not only as a study of modern painting, but as a reference book. This second volume will be welcomed for the same reasons. It also deals with English painters born before 1900 and with this arbitrary, but convenient, limitation, the author very sensibly brings his survey to a close. There are many excellently reproduced illustrations; one could have wished for more in order to appreciate better the author's descriptions of the development of these artists.

The characteristics that made the first volume so readable and so entertaining remain. The painters are dealt with seriatim chapter by chapter and sometimes, rather in the manner of Vasari, the author writes a little exordium concerning art and life which is usually very much to the point. Here too are those intimate sketches, those fascinating glimpses of the painters' private lives, which were so noticeable in the earlier work and here too, irrepressible even by himself, the bustling, inquisitive, ubiquitous figure of Sir John. We may well be grateful to this tireless argus as he hurries, notebook in hand, from studio to studio. Intimate with many, and knowing everyone, he has nevertheless a proper sense of the critic's duties: when he can praise he does so generously; where he feels that he must blame he does not spare the rod. We feel, however, that this hurts him more than it hurts his victims and, on one occasion, when he finds himself obliged to disparage the earlier drawings of Henry Moore, he expresses regret that he may injure those who have purchased these works.

He finds most, I think, in the paintings of those artists in whose work and life he can see the effect of spiritual passion; this leads him to compare Stanley Spencer not unfavourably with Giotto, it leads him also to an outburst of rather showily jewelled English in favour of David Jones: 'with many hued threads he weaves all three into a delicately shimmering unity. . . . One may fairly wonder whether either of these painters will be grateful for such praise as this.'

Reticence, it may indeed be argued, is not the first quality of an historian. Discernment, on the other hand is a desideratum and in his attack upon Bloomsbury (a matter in which I must frankly declare a measure of personal interest) Sir John is rather lacking in both these qualities. For the past forty years or so this rather nebulous Aunt Sally has been the target of various sticks and stones. Sir John, going one better, has thrown a perfectly enormous stink bomb.

I doubt, for instance, whether more than a few people are even now aware how closely-knit an association Bloomsbury was, how untiring its members were in advertising one another's work and personalities. Most people who came into casual contact with members of this gifted circle recall its charm, its candour, its high intelligence; few . . . suspected how ruthless and businesslike were their methods. They would have been surprised if they had known of the lengths to which some of these people—so disarming with their gentle Cambridge voices, their informal manners, their casual unassuming clothes, their civilised personal relations with one another—were prepared to go in order to ruin, utterly, not only 'reactionary' figures whom they publicly denounced, but young painters and writers who showed themselves too independent to come to terms with the canons observed by Bloomsbury. . . . If such independence was allied to gifts of an order to provoke rivalry, then so

much the worse for the artists. And bad for them it was, for there was nothing in the way of slander and intrigue to which certain of the 'Bloomsburies' were not willing to descend. I rarely knew hatreds pursued with so much malevolence over so many years; against them neither age nor misfortune offered the slightest protection.

At whom is this aimed? Sir John, in another passage, makes it clear that he thinks ill of Roger Fry; but, obviously, he supposes that the guilt was shared—it was a 'closely-knit association' and one extending not only into the world of art but into that of literature. Many people therefore are accused of guilt by association and it seems only fair that they should be named. The indictment is not supported by any evidence, and yet it is a grave indictment for here we have a gang of smooth-faced hypocrites whose activities were not simply wrong but positively criminal, wretches whom a decent fellow would cut dead or greet, even, with a manly blow of the fist. People with whom—to put it mildly—one would not dine. It is therefore a little surprising to find them giving Sir John lunch in the following chapter. The visit was not a necessity, it would seem; he merely desired what he calls 'a curious experience', a few reminiscences to fill an amusing but not very informative page. For the time being he could dissemble; then, when he had his

copy, he could tell his hosts what he thought of them. If the two relevant passages in his book be confronted they might be thought to exhibit a not wholly lovable trait of Sir John's character. Let me hasten to say that I believe that such a judgement would be unfair. The very complacency with which the author retails his activities argues strongly in his favour.

There is, however, a mystery here, the solution of which may help to elucidate the character of this book. Sir John says of Duncan Grant that 'he is not a good hater'; he too is not a good—or at least he is a very absent-minded—hater. He believes that his father and his friends have been injured by Bloomsbury and he has, perhaps, seen enough of the gang warfare of the art-world to exaggerate its importance. His explosions of rage are perfectly sincere but, being a conscientious historian, he soon forgets them. The story of intrigue, of slander, of methodical persecution is given its outing and quietly dismissed. The author behaves with an appearance of inconsistency because his beliefs are themselves inconsistent; and so this book is, in the main, a perfectly fair record of opinions and events. But in future Sir John can hardly complain if, like his namesake, he is accounted not only witty in himself 'but the cause of wit in other men'.

QUENTIN BELL

## 'God save Great George our King'

The First Four Georges. By J. H. Plumb. Batsford. 21s.

'When from the earth the Fourth descended,  
God be praised the Georges ended'.

THOSE CONCLUDING LINES, often misquoted, are from a severe but stimulating epigram written, in old age, by Landor and published in a periodical called *The Atlas* a century ago. They will not be found in the collected works of the poet, edited by John Forster, but they are indisputably Landor's: they were written just as Thackeray finished his abominable series of lectures on 'The Four Georges' with which he was to pander to the simpler prejudices of an American audience in a highly paid lecture tour. The reputation of our Georgian sovereigns has never really recovered from this satire of Thackeray, supported as it was by a prose style which was at once deft and powerful.

'The Four Georges' was launched at a propitious moment and although there were many people alive who had been the confidential friends of George III and George IV no voice was raised to defend these much traduced sovereigns. The violent onslaught on the eighteenth century made by Carlyle, which he called 'an age, not of heroism and religion, but of scepticism, selfishness and triviality, when true Nobleness was little understood, and its place supplied by a hollow, dissocial, altogether barren and unfruitful principle of Pride', prepared the ground. Thackeray's attack coincided with a feeling of moral superiority, in which the nineteenth century looked over its shoulder to the eighteenth and fancied it peopled with pygmies. Even Queen Victoria caught the prevailing temper and objected to the name of George being perpetuated in the royal family. At the time of King George V's christening she wrote to the child's father 'I fear I can not admire the names you propose to give the Baby. I had hoped for some fine old name. George only came over with the Hanoverian family'. How far these ancient prejudices influenced the present Queen in deviating from the name of her father and grandfather to the Stuart tradition of Charles is a matter for speculation.

Varying attempts to rehabilitate the Georges have met with only moderate success. Now comes a prominent Cambridge historian with a light-hearted book, beautifully got up and illustrated, which

sets our Hanoverian sovereigns in an altogether fairer light and shows how much of the ill-odour attaching to them can be attributed to political animosities. In many ways the most interesting of the Hanoverian kings (and the one most neglected by posterity) is King George II. Mr. Plumb reproduces a painting of the King by Worlidge which suggests a character of force, vitality and temper. The *Daily Worker*, in one of its rare moments of geniality, used to refer to King George V as 'Pop-Eye the Sailor', and it is clear that the protuberant eyes, which still distinguish some members of the family, derive from George II as do the more familiar qualities of pepperiness and impatience. Anyone who wishes to see George II as he really was will turn to the pages of Hervey where the King, his family and Court are portrayed not with the cloying sentences of sycophancy but with strokes of genius. The famous picture of the Queen's death will never be forgotten so long as history is read, and it is fittingly described by

Mr. Plumb as 'gruesome, farcical and very moving'.

But in spite of the laughter over some of the things said and done by the King, the perceptive reader is not untouched by the picture of him in his night cap and night gown, sitting in a great chair, running over the virtues of the Queen and emphasising how she would be missed. Lord Chesterfield, whose views on his contemporaries are severe but extremely valuable, has pointed out that George II was very well bred. Coming from such a source that verdict is decisive, for English writers have been a shade too ready, on really no evidence except prejudice, to dismiss the Georges as German boors. Perhaps we should do well to compare the first four Georges not with the sovereigns who succeeded them but with their European contemporaries—the voluptuous Bourbons, the cruel rulers of Spain and Naples, the effete dynasties of Sweden and Denmark, and the dreadful potentates of Prussia. Those readers who wish to pave the way for a kindlier understanding of these not ineffective kings will find Mr. Plumb an agreeable and sensible companion—not overstating their good qualities but setting off each man against the complications of English political life.

ROGER FULFORD



George II (1683-1760): a portrait by T. Worlidge  
From 'The First Four Georges'

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# NELSON

# Henry James as Art Critic

The Painter's Eye. By Henry James. Edited by John L. Sweeney. Hart-Davis. 20s.

THE OLDER I GET the more I enjoy mooning about and looking at pictures, and it is pleasant to be reminded that Henry James, that master of the novelist's art, also looked at them and even wrote about them. He did not moon; he was too well trained and well contained to do that; he received impressions, came to conclusions, transmitted opinions; he had in his early thirties a background of culture and a foreground of information that have been denied to me in my late seventies. Precisely and profusely equipped, with a top hat on his head and gloves in his hand and established standards in his mind, he would go round art galleries on either side of the Atlantic and write wittily and intelligently and helpfully afterwards in the magazines.

These writings have been collected and compressed by Mr. John Sweeney under the general apt title of *The Painter's Eye*. The volume contains a few essays—for instance on Daumier and on the letters of Delacroix—but most of the items are incidental, and most of them date from the eighteen-seventies when James was starting to be a novelist; the decade of *Roderick Hudson* and *The Europeans*. Later in the century he wrote less about pictures, but they remained vivid and important; he can evoke for fictional purposes a Bronzino and can cause it to glow.

The standards established in his mind were in theory aesthetic, and indeed hedonistic. A picture, he held, must give pleasure, and if it fails to do this it has failed. It must never preach a lesson, and his most amusing diatribes were directed against the unfortunate pictures that try to preach. But this hedonism was not thoroughgoing. He could get no pleasure from a picture that lacked good taste, and he held that good taste is akin to moral delicacy. So ethics get involved after all. This comes out in his attitude towards the Dutch painters. He received them with cordiality but with caution; when boors start carousing who knows where they will stop? 'This is more than an ugly picture: it is an offensive act. It makes one think more meanly of the human imagination', he writes of a Jan Steen. And he certainly would have deplored a little Molinaer called 'Smelling' which made me laugh lately in the Mauritshuis.

It is with the French that he feels most secure. They (and Delacroix in particular) are constantly used as examples, and as corrections to Anglo-Saxon literalness and stodginess and parochialism. Still, he could even be critical of the French. Gérôme gets some sharp words for his 'Combat de Coqs' ('The horrid little game in the centre, the brassy nudity of the youth . . .'), and Meissonier some sharper words for his 'Battle of Friedland', 'the best thing in which is a certain cuirassier, and in the cuirassier the best thing is his clothes, and in his clothes the best thing is his leather straps, and in his leather straps the best thing is the buckles'. Uncle Sam had been badly stung over the 'Battle of Friedland', and had paid an extortionate extra bill for transport 'though it occupies less space than the most emaciated human being and it eats nothing'. James is always resentful when his Americans are cheated, especially when they are cheated artistically, and he sometimes gives the impression of a clucking hen who tries to protect her chickens without remaining with them. For these pages cover the period when he weakens his connection with the land of his birth and strengthens his connections with England.

He is excellent on the subject of Ruskin, that bewildering centre of the English scene, and recognises his genius despite bad judgements, bad manners, and loquacity. Millais is kept well in his place; great gifts marred by snobbery and vulgarity: 'His principal celebrity this year is that very holy man and very superior model Cardinal Newman. This was a great chance but the chance is sadly missed, the artist having made shipwreck, as it seems to me, on the vast scarlet cape of his

Eminence. . . . The cardinals have had poor luck this year, Cardinal Manning having been sacrificed simultaneously to Mr. Watts'. And—to go back to his praise—he is excellent on the subject of Burne Jones, admiring him as we cannot, yet apprehending our want of admiration, and he is enthusiastic yet prescient over the young Sargent.

Other English painters, and painters in England, get also referred to. Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., LL.D., exhibits his 'Christ the Great Shepherd' in Pall Mall, together with an explanatory card as to its meaning and a notice that it had been recently conveyed to Marlborough for inspection by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; 'Christ is walking through a rocky country with a radiance round his head, and a little lamb in his arms towards whom he gently bends his face. The little lamb is very good'. Mr. W. B. Richmond ventures upon Mr. Gladstone: 'There has lately been more than one portrait of Mr. Gladstone from the theological point of view, but it was reserved for Mr. Richmond to depict him as of African blood, of distracted intellect, and of the Methodist persuasion'. And equally gaily: 'M. Alma Tadema's people are always ancient Romans, and in this case he has depicted a Roman bath in a private house'. And more gently: 'Neither will I stop longer before Mr. Holman Hunt's "Afterglow in Egypt" than to pay my respects to its beauty of workmanship, and to wonder whence it is, amid all his exquisitely patient labour, that comes the spectator's sense of a singular lack of inspiration'. And more gently still, and towards a Spaniard: 'There is in Murillo an almost excessive want of tension—an undue humbleness of inspiration. It increases

one's kindness for him, but in the manner of an inaggressive weakness in a dear friend'.

The above quotations may show that there is much good entertainment and good sense in *The Painter's Eye*. Mr. Sweeney has prefaced his excellent compilation with an introduction in which James' opinions on Art are sympathetically discussed. He does not say whether the Master ever dropped a brick. I think he dropped one shocking brick over Winslow Homer. He duly makes fun of the Yankee youths and pied maidens of Homer's subject-pictures, but completely ignores his excellent and exciting water-colours—exciting because they haul the spectator physically into the open air and send him down rapids in the Adirondacks where his top hat rolls off. The wilderness and the countrified place were slightly suspect to the neatly attired James. He appreciated scenery but had no mind to get mixed up in it, whereas Winslow Homer liked to get mixed up. I think, too, that he drops a second brick, a very small one, over Diaz, whom he dismisses as an agreeable trifler: the vast, sombre landscape at present in the Fitzwilliam Museum contradicts such a judgement. And finally I am sure he is wrong in saying that Sir Noel Paton's sacred masterpiece went to meet the Prince of Wales at Marlborough. I can't believe that it had to go further than Marlborough House.



Henry James (a photograph by Alice Boughton)  
From 'The Painter's Eye'



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# Low Pressure Gauge

Poetry Now. An Anthology. Edited by G. S. Fraser. Faber. 15s.

YOUR PEOPLE HAVE SUCH little pressure: their safety valve goes off high scream when the pressure is still so low'. Thus D. H. Lawrence to Harriet Monroe in 1914; and the text still provides a warning—and the hint of a criterion—to editors. Mr. G. S. Fraser, editing *Poetry Now*, has hardly have been taking pressure into account. In an introduction—which contains several excellent critical observations—he seems to have relaxed his own pressure gauge entirely when he writes: 'When I sat down with a friend, about eighteen months ago, to make a list of poets who had possibly a claim to appear in these pages we very speedily covered three sheets of foolscap with nearly two hundred names'. This moving scene has only a sentimental interest, one fears: or even when the 'list was soon slashed drastically' and reduced to the work of seventy-four poets' with 'senior poets' (horrible phrase!) excluded, if one is in the least disposed to apply the D. H. Lawrence pressure test, the result will make one sigh for further slashing. When Lawrence was diatribing against Edward Marsh and Harriet Monroe, he can scarcely have complained against lines with less steam up than this Jacquetta Hawkes' 'Moon Daisies':

Moon daisies in the midnight field  
Float high above the standing grass,  
Unmoving wonder at the moon  
And watch her pass.

Without being too hard on Mr. Fraser's taste for faint, descriptive eorgian poetry, one may question what he means by 'representative', or the aim of this anthology, he tells us, is to represent 'the best work of our younger poets'. It appears that by this Mr. Fraser understands kind of average of attainment. Having decided what this is, he feels he must put in something by anyone who reaches this standard. It is, ally, an examination standard (and in that, perhaps, typical of its me), but there are strong objections to the claim that it results in a lection that really succeeds in impressing the quality of the poets so presented on the reader. Twenty-five poets here have each approximately one page of poetry.

Now very few poets in the English language would be represented by thirty lines, if one knew no others by them. One poem per poet representation may sound democratically just, but it gives the reader little ea of the value of most of the poets, and does not add up to a total impression either. Mr. Fraser would have done better to cut down his poets by half (perhaps excluding also those 'senior' ones, like Mr. Atkins and Mr. Gascoyne, who remain in) and give more representation to the thirty-odd poets who remain.

The dispersed impression the volume makes is that there are one or two movements—notably the witty or would-be witty, and the regional—a sprig of delayed Georgians, and a few individualists who stand powerfully on their own feet. Of the witty, there are good poems by Kingsley Amis, Bernard Bergonzi (on Charing Cross Road), and Jonathan Price. Mr. John Wain is very funny ('Letter to Santa Claus'). I just can't bring myself to believe anyone not an undergraduate need write like Mr. Alvarez, Mr. Boyars, or Mr. MacBeth. And Mr. Davie is so much in him, I hope he will soon write differently. Most of the individualists have names well established, though apparently, for some reason not 'senior'. It is a pleasure, anyway, to list names of poets whose work I love so much: Lawrence Durrell, Roy Fuller, David Gascoyne, Laurie Lee, F. T. Prince, Henry Reed, W. R. Rodgers, E. J. Sowell, Bernard Spencer, Vernon Watkins.

One cheering thing that stands out is that, despite every discouragement, there are a few completely honest poets who state experiences with admirable truth: of the younger poets, Thomas Blackburn, Charles Tunley, John Holloway, Elizabeth Jennings, Philip Larkin, Philip Lakes, Diana Witherby rejoice one with their authenticity. A poem that seaks out of a terrifying experience is John Silkin's 'Death of a Son'. Christopher Logue's 'Seven Sonnets' are unlike anything else, and reward study; so does Burns Singer's 'Marcus Antoninus'.

Mr. Fraser's scruples are catching, and names unjustly unmentioned ring in my ears. Those I have singled out do show that Mr. Fraser had a awful lot of works to represent. They show, too, that he has put many good things in. My complaint is that his lack of a severer discrimination tends to reduce complexity to confusion. One ought to say this, because

many readers will be discouraged unless they read the volume with more critical awareness than Mr. Fraser shows in his editing. The many inferior poems may prevent their appreciating the many good ones. Fortunately, his own preface is to some extent a guide through the jungle. With a few unkind reservations this collection can be recommended.

STEPHEN SPENDER

# Revolutionary in Spats

Thomas Mann: the Mediation of Art  
By R. Hinton Thomas. Oxford. 25s.

THE WRITINGS OF Thomas Mann are a consistent example of art as philosophy in action, a criticism of life. They happen to be both public and private, and inseparably so, because the social tensions of the age found their counterpart in his personal dilemma. He deeply respected that tradition of cultured humanism inherited from his origins in the solid nineteenth-century German bourgeoisie. But he also knew that his irresistible artistic impulse made him a revolutionary menace to patrician calm. Like his own Tonio Kröger he was a man between two worlds. His art arose from the discomfort felt by a revolutionary in spats. It is the marked ironical element in his work that enabled Mann, as Mr. Thomas tells us in his valuable study, 'to maintain his links with the past, while at the same time recognising each position reached as imperfect and transitory'.

This inner conflict between respectable bourgeois and instinctive artist corresponded to the outer struggle between humanistic tradition and the twentieth-century threat of irrational violence. Thomas Mann, the artist with a guilty conscience, wrote moral tales that were a personal warning and a social reminder. In them the turbulence of the artist becomes guilt, disease, even criminality. Aschenbach the famous author, in *Death in Venice*, gives way to irrational urge after a lifetime of inherited sobriety and is destroyed; Rosalie, in *The Black Swan*, falls from the moral standards of her class, and that's the end of her. Self-discipline is the prerequisite of moral freedom; relaxation of discipline is licence, a threat to the moral order, punishable with death. In the same way the nihilism of our times is chaos that must overwhelm its begetters.

The public nature of this theme becomes especially plain in *Doctor Faustus*, where the destruction of Adrian Leverkühn (significantly described by Mann as an ideal figure, 'a hero of our time') is an explicit symbol of the fate of Germany. But what is equally significant for Mann himself is his confession that he loved Leverkühn, his most daemonic and destructive character, more than any other of his fictional creations, save one. The profoundest pessimism never defeated his faith in the dignity of man. Even for his lost sinners there is hope that harmony is somewhere possible. But where? The artist is an artist because he begins from an answer and ends with a question. All this hard and devoted work, said Mann in a radio talk on Chekhov, is carried on 'right to the end in the consciousness that one does not know any answers to ultimate questions, together with qualms of conscience about bamboozling the reader'. What is one to do? Mann honestly confesses that he does not know. 'And yet one works, tells stories, forms truth and thereby entertains a needy world in the obscure hope, almost the certainty, that truth and serenity of form may well have a spiritually liberating effect and can prepare the world for a better and more beautiful life, a life doing greater justice to the spirit'.

This book on Thomas Mann is the most stimulating discussion to appear in English since Miss Elizabeth Wilkinson's introduction to *Tonio Kröger*. Mr. Thomas selects certain major works for careful study, adopting with great effect a different angle of approach in each chapter. The book should be perfectly comprehensible to readers ignorant of German, since it is not peppered with German quotations. Only in the chapter on *Death in Venice*, where Mr. Thomas explores the possibilities of detailed critical analysis, are the extracts necessarily given in the original. But these are translated in an appendix. It is an admirably clear account of Mann's effort to perform what he called, in his essay on Schopenhauer, 'the mediating task of the artist, his hermetic and magical role as mediator between the upper and lower world, between idea and appearance, between spirit and sensuality'.

IDRIS PARRY

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A FOREWORD Sir Lewis Namier explains that this book is the first in a new series, which is being prepared under his auspices, dealing with the political history of the thirty years 1754-1784. His collaborators in the series are members of the team working with him on the same period of the *History of Parliament*, an analytical survey of the House of Commons, based on the biographies of Members, to which the series will be complementary. The present volume, by his closest collaborator, has been written, and should be read, not as an entirely self-contained book, but as part of a larger work, the rest of which has yet to appear. 'The tale of Chatham's administration', as Mr. Brooke says, 'is curious and melancholy'. When in July 1766 Chatham was given *carte blanche* by George III to form a National Government, drawn from the best of all parties, he had 'every advantage on his side—full support from the King, the good will of Parliament, and the memories of success and glory associated with his name and genius'. Within less than a year his administration had suffered defeat on a major issue in the House of Commons, had been reduced to a majority of three in the House of Lords, and, in Mr. Brooke's words, 'presented a spectacle of weakness and division, rare, if not unique, in British political history'. The nominal head of the Ministry had retired from business altogether; the leader of the House of Commons had voted against the two principal ministerial measures; the Chancellor of the Exchequer had also voted against one of these, and in addition seemed to regard the House merely as a stage on which he could exhibit himself in public, while the First Lord of the Treasury devoted all the time he could spare from the neglect of his duties to Newmarket and Nancy Parsons.

The explanation of this *débâcle* was, of course, the complete mental and physical collapse of Chatham, on whose overwhelming prestige and personality the whole administration depended to an unparalleled degree. Mr. Brooke quotes a vivid and hitherto unpublished report on Chatham's condition by his solicitor, who was privileged to see him occasionally on business in the summer of 1767:

I found the Earl of Chatham in his garden. . . . I think I see a visible alteration for the worse, his hands tremble more, he is paler and thinner in the face, and I am persuaded much emaciated in his body and thighs within these three weeks since I saw him last, and on talking over some particulars of the estate he was more than once bewildered, and say'd his head was so much confused that he scarcely knew what subject he was speaking upon, and there were two or three things I could not make him understand, wch. her Ladyship cut short by saying she did, and would explain to him another time. . . . When we were alone, he fell into a desponding strain, and say'd he now saw it impossible he should be well, that he was in a fever all over him; he desired me to feel his hand, wch. was very hot and dry indeed. Upon the whole I am satisfied he is very much worse, and in my opinion dangerously ill. He is miserable beyond conception in his own mind with respect to his state of health, and I should not wonder if he should not soon sink under this horrid dejection of spirits.

On receiving this report the King commented:

The seeing a man that has appeared in so very great a light fall into such a situation is an abasement of human nature.

For the rest of his administration, Chatham remained completely *hors combat* and inaccessible, refusing to see or advise either his colleagues or the King. When at last he resigned on grounds of health, his original administration, founded to destroy the party system and settle the Indian and colonial questions, had been so completely reconstructed by his illness as to have become virtually a new government; the party system, far from being destroyed, had been consolidated; the Indian problem had been aggravated; and the colonies had been provoked into the course which led to the American revolution.

Mr. Brooke's work is a first-class piece of historical research, clear, balanced and well written, which completely supersedes all previous accounts of the complicated political history of these two important years. Three features may be singled out for mention. It is the first to be based on the archives, unpublished as well as published, of the King and all the heads of the political parties concerned. It is also the first to be bedevilled by an attempt to fit the facts into the fiction of a plot by George III to subvert the constitution. Finally, it is the first

to give a description, not only of the nature, but of the parliamentary strength and membership, of the political parties of the period. On each of these counts alone the book would have justified itself; in combination they are overwhelming.

ROMNEY SEDGWICK

# Diplomatic Memoirs

Home and Abroad. By Lord Strang. Andre Deutsch. 21s.

'ALL THAT I CAN CLAIM TO BE', writes Lord Strang in his foreword, 'is a retired craftsman in the art of diplomacy. The diplomatist, because he has to act, has continually to subordinate general principles to particular cases and to take decisions without knowing all the facts. He will bend all his thought to his task and will be at pains to shape his ideas on both immediate and long-range policy; but, unlike the scholar, he cannot wait and, unlike the publicist, he must reach his analysis in advance of events'. Scattered through his book in comments by the way, and concentrated in his chapters on his own tenure of the post of Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and on Ernest Bevin, Lord Strang has provided a remarkable account of the lives of the leading figures in the Foreign Office. He reminds us that when Sir Edward Grey, the first Commoner to do so since 1868, became Foreign Secretary in 1905 'there was some doubt whether he could combine the departmental duties with the parliamentary duties'. The duties have increased in the last fifty years and call for superhuman endurance. As for the P.U.S., Lord Strang enjoyed his ordeal and shows us how he could do so, but he was no less than delighted to be freed by retirement. This he attributes partly to unrelieved fatigue but also to 'an element of revolt, both against the frustrations which are of the very fabric of foreign affairs, and against the servitudes to which a civil servant is, by the nature of his profession, perforce subjected'.

Perhaps the most bitter of these frustrations and servitudes (although he does not say so) was when Mr. Strang, as he then was, on the morning after the humiliation of the Munich Agreement, was obliged to draft the Anglo-German peace agreement to which Neville Chamberlain then obtained Hitler's mocking signature. 'The best that can be said for the Munich Agreement', he writes, 'was that it was a tragic necessity'. He goes on to show that there was no more reason to have fought in 1939 than in 1938 beyond that the people of this country had by then become convinced that they must do so. He might have added that in fact the Czechs had a better case than the Poles, and that by 1939 the Germans were better prepared and the French further demoralised.

After describing the torment of the negotiations with the Russians in the summer of 1939 Lord Strang explains the defection, as it seemed, of the Kremlin in terms of the greater attractions which Germany could offer, the Baltic States, the partition of Poland. But 'like everyone else . . . they (the Soviet Government) over-estimated the professional capacity and fighting spirit of the French armies; and the *débâcle* of 1940 brought them into the presence of a triumphant Germany, unopposed save by the fortitude of Great Britain'.

In spite of the cares of before the war, during the war, and after it, Lord Strang seems optimistic about the future. In describing his manifold experiences he speaks also of Germany immediately after capitulation. 'There was no sign that I could detect of compunction or sense of responsibility for the frightful horrors which their nazi-fellow-citizens had let loose on Europe or for the atrocities in which hundreds of thousands of Germans, both nazis and non-nazis, had personally participated'. But he believes that the British occupation of Germany was greatly successful and acclaims the much-criticised re-education of the Germans as 'among the brightest of the British achievements'.

Lord Strang's book is not only informative, it is also a pleasure to read, for he is a master of language, and he glories in the literature of this country and—as one is obliquely made aware—of France. His readers must be thankful that, instead of becoming Lecturer in English at the University of Hong Kong in 1919, he was appointed Third Secretary in Belgrade; since that day he must have made a large contribution towards fortifying the Foreign Office against the insidious dangers of official jargon and towards the inspiration of its statements with clarity and grace.

ELIZABETH WISKE MANN

# A Decade of Digging

Recent Archaeological Excavations in Britain. Edited by R. L. S. Bruce-Mitford. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.

THIS ADMIRABLE BOOK of 310 pages and fifty-two plates consists of short accounts 'at not too technical a level' of archaeological excavations whose results, it is claimed, 'have not been made available before to the general reader'. The claim is perhaps a little exaggerated because several of them have been described in *Antiquity* and all, or nearly all, in the *Illustrated London News*. But this in no way detracts from the value of the book which provides fuller accounts in a more permanent and convenient form. Its publication fully justifies the claim that 'the standard of excavation is as high in Britain as anywhere in the world'.

In the first chapter Professor Clark of Cambridge describes his excavation of the oldest inhabited site in Britain—a camping ground of mesolithic hunter-fishers beside a vanished lake at Star Carr in Yorkshire. Britain was not then an island but a promontory joined to Europe by an isthmus across what is now the North Sea. These earliest Britons lived almost entirely upon meat, principally venison and beef; they were skilled workers in flint and bone, could fell trees with their axes, and shoot game with bows and arrows. The encampment has been dated, by two independent methods, to the eighth millennium B.C. It is useful to remember that at this time, or very soon after, Jericho was a walled town and its inhabitants were agriculturists practising irrigation.

The other articles show 'the part that archaeology can play . . . within the framework of recorded history'. Sir Mortimer Wheeler reconstructs the last stand of the Brigantes at Stanwick, Yorks, against the Roman legions. His excavation—a model of its kind, both in execution and record—shows what can be done by means of modern technique which he himself has carried to a higher level than anyone else. But it shows also that a meticulous technique alone is not enough; the results must be interpreted, as here, by means of constructive imagination. Indeed that faculty is conspicuously displayed also by some of the illustrations in this book, which will be found useful by those who lack it. What could be more striking than some of Mr. Alan Sorrell's reconstructed drawings? The squalid hunters of Star Carr, messing about with their carcasses, those preposterous masqued torch-bearers in the service of Mithras at Carrawburgh, and the cottagers of A.D. 1000 at Mawgan Porth in Cornwall give us much to think about. For

the people of Star Carr, like the worshippers of Mithras, wore animal masques, and a similar custom still survives in the village of Abbot Bromley in Staffordshire, where horns are worn.

The editor's own interest, one knows, is chiefly in the Dark Ages, and his account—the first published—of his excavation of Mawgan Porth is valuable because no other inhabited site of this period has been found or excavated in England. It is exactly the kind of article that was needed in a book like this. But, having said this, one feels bound to add that the same could be said of all the others.

The editor does not tell us for whom the book is designed; to appreciate its content the reader should know the bare outline of British history in its wider sense. Nowadays there must be plenty of people who are thus qualified, thanks partly to the enlightened policy of the B.B.C. during the decade covered by this book. But of course the foundations were laid during the inter-war period. It has recently been said that it takes two generations for a revolution to advance to become orthodoxy (THE LISTENER, September 20, page 412). If that be so, the archaeological revolution which my generation started after the first world war should now have produced 'grandchildren' and our 'subversive doctrines' should have been transmuted into 'established gospel'. Well, have they? The answer is 'yes' and 'no'. If our aims were to improve technique, to call in the aid of other branches of science, to destroy the object worship of the nineteenth century and replace it by inferences about the people of the past, we have certainly succeeded; this book is evidence of that. But if we wanted also to widen the horizons of all educated people, to give them a some knowledge, however rudimentary, of the origins of man and his civilisation, so that such words as 'mesolithic', 'Sumerian', 'Minoan', 'Bronze Age', 'Dark Age', and the like would convey as much as 'Roman', 'Saxon', 'Jacobean', then we still have some headway to make—or rather our 'grandchildren' have.

All of which boils down to the fact that archaeology is a live subject with (as the editor says quoting Sir Thomas Kendrick) 'not only far horizons, but also strong incoming tide'. His hope that his book 'may help bring the fact a wider recognition' will surely be realised.

O. G. S. CRAWFORD



Head of Mithras; and below, excavations at Stanwick, Yorks.  
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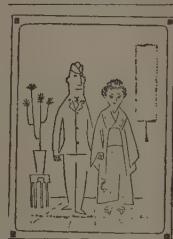
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Heinemann. 21s.

THESE RECOLLECTIONS OF Sir Alec Randall are thirty years old, for he has had to wait until he retired from the Foreign Service—he was Ambassador to Denmark—to write of that time early in his career when he was Second Secretary (with no First Secretary) to the British Legation to the Holy See, from 1925 to 1930. But Rome is not the Eternal City for nothing, and whether Sir Alec is describing the life of the Roman Court, or the sights of the City, to which he is an admirable Cicerone, most of what he describes is now as it was then. Thirty years have established the British Mission to the Vatican as an accepted part of British representation abroad; and while nearly everywhere the Queen's Representative is styled Ambassador, the currency of Ambassadorial rank having been greatly debased under American example, few posts are more coveted than that of Minister to the Holy See. Attendance in a stiff uniform at great numbers of immensely long Church ceremonies is certainly not everyone's taste; but it is a small price to pay for freedom from many of the other burdens and chores of the modern official, with the added advantage of living in Rome with time to enjoy it.

The British practice is to appoint as Minister a diplomat who is not Catholic, but to give him a junior who is. Sir Alec surmises that this arrangement is not unwelcome at the Vatican, that an impeccably shaved Protestant Minister, representing a great Protestant power is more preferable because he is not 'biased, patronising or possessive'; the representatives of Catholic powers have often enough shown themselves. The Roman Curia, for its part, has developed a most impressive technique of ultra-polite refusal when there is anything it does not want to do. The Papacy is a Monarchy and a Court where the monarch, if he can be reached, yields an immense personal authority that can change any of the procedural rules that his predecessors have made. The Papal Court is the last survivor of Courts which before the French Revolution were normal to most countries. The monarch in Sir Alec Randall's time was one of the great Popes, Pius XI, in the most glorious period of his seventeen years of office (1922-1939). It was the first period of fascism, when Mussolini was anxious for good relations and had not begun his German Nazi Alliance which created an ever widening rift with the Pope through the thirties. There is a good account of the negotiation of the Lateran Treaties of 1929, and the author manages to convey something of one of the great characteristics of Rome, as a home of rumours and gossip, human nature's substitute whenever there is no freedom for the press.

There is another good account, of the only business that clouded Anglo-Papal relations in his time, the quarrel between the late Lord Strickland as Prime Minister of Malta and the Maltese Bishops. Sir Alec Lindall, who was Chargé d'Affaires, gives his opinion in retrospect that the British Government and the Holy See were both too rigid and unyielding in support of the Prime Minister and the Bishops. This Maltese episode is worth studying today. While Malta was, for over a century, governed autocratically as a colony, the Maltese found in their Bishops and clergy their natural leaders, as Greek Catholics did under the Ottoman Empire. When self-government came, there was a clash, the Bishops taking for granted their traditional role which the Prime Minister assumed was over with the coming of self-government.

But it is not with the politics of Pius XI's reign that this book is concerned. It is frankly a personal record, and will take its modest niche in the vivid little descriptions it gives of leading figures of the day, like the successive Secretaries of State, Cardinals Merry del Val and Gasparri, to whose office the present Pope succeeded in 1930. From this personal record we get a clear idea of the enviable good nature of the author, his patience with formalities and activities devoid of any real content which diplomats must go through with unwearyed good grace, associating all the time with the small-minded people who are drawn to the diplomatic life, their imagination filled with questions of precedence. Sir Alec Randall was never bored in Rome, because he brought historical imagination as well as artistic enjoyment to the unique setting in which he worked. He felt himself watching far and away the best institution in Europe, in direct continuity with the Roman Empire, its roots so deep in the past, yet its preoccupations highly actual and temporary and world-wide.

One or two small points may be noted, Cardinal Merry del Val's

father was not Ambassador in London, although the Cardinal's brother was, and Sir James Rennell became Lord Rennell of Rodd, not Lord Rodd.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

## Knowledge and Opinion

The New Outline of Modern Knowledge. Edited with a preface by Alan Pryce-Jones. Gollancz. 18s.

OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO Dr. William Rose edited *An Outline of Modern Knowledge*. In the middle of the twentieth century twenty years, apparently, are sufficient to make modern knowledge out of date, and Mr. Pryce-Jones, editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, in an engaging preface explains what he did when 'asked to supervise the preparation of an entirely new work, attacking the problem of knowledge from a somewhat different angle'. What he has done is first to divide knowledge into five compartments: (1) philosophy and metaphysics; (2) science; (3) art; (4) politics and economics, and (5) law. Then he has selected twenty-six modern experts to write, 'for an intelligent public without any detailed acquaintance with much of the matter in hand', an outline of the knowledge which is known in the particular field in which he is an expert. The result is curious.

Opening the book a modern Pontius Pilate might not unnaturally ask: 'What is knowledge?', and even if he stayed for an answer until he had read to the end of the six hundredth page, it is doubtful whether he would be quite sure that he had got it. If he looks in the dictionary, he will find that knowledge is 'the sum of what is known'; but that does not really carry him very far on a road to the answer. The trouble, as this book shows, is to determine the boundary, if any, between knowledge and opinion. Most people would say that all opinions are not knowledge, but that knowledge consists of opinions which have been proved to be true or which are true by a consensus of opinion. If this be roughly correct, it is important to see the distinction between an opinion which is not knowledge and the knowledge that some people hold such an opinion.

Some of the twenty-six outlines suffer from not making this distinction clearly. Let us briefly examine the five sections of the *Outline* from this point of view. In the first section on philosophy the 'knowledge' given is almost always knowledge of speculative opinions which cannot really be said themselves to be knowledge. Thus Dr. John Holloway in the first outline, 'Analytical Philosophy', explains to us the philosophical theories of Bradley, G. E. Moore, and Wittgenstein, while Mr. Tomlin accurately calls his chapter 'Metaphysical Speculation' and enlarges our knowledge by explaining to us the speculations of metaphysicians from Plato and Aristotle to Bertrand Russell and Martin Heidegger. In the next section, 'Science', doubts may assail us. In a chapter like that of Professor Waddington on 'Genetics' the knowledge provided is almost entirely 'scientific'. We are given a vast number of proved facts (e.g., 'the proof that the genes lie in a single series along the thread-like chromosomes is complete') and the deductions which have been or can be drawn from the facts. The same can be said of Sir Harold Spencer Jones on astronomy, Dr. Seligman on physics, and Lord Amulree on medicine. But when one reads Professor Rhine on parapsychology, one wonders whether he has made the distinction between opinion and knowledge: he tells us categorically that 'Dr. Karlis Osis and his associates at the Duke Laboratory have now obtained experimental evidence of the operation of psi in the domestic cat' and that 'the establishment of any kind of psi phenomena as having occurred however fleetingly in any individual breaks the bondage of human thought to the mechanistic philosophy of man'.

In the last three sections the knowledge purveyed is necessarily mainly either knowledge of historical facts, as in Mr. G. S. Fraser's chapter on literature, Mr. Hollis' on international organisations, and Professor Goodhart's on law, or knowledge of opinions and theories, as in Mr. Harrod's account of Lord Keynes' economic theories. But here again some writers appear to have confused opinion with knowledge. Mr. Robin Ironside, for instance, seems to guide us to the limits of 'modern knowledge' when he informs us categorically that future historians 'will be bound to recognise the discovery of photography as, in the most literal sense of the word, an epoch-making event compared with which the effects of the fall of Constantinople, the genius of Titian, or the Council of Trent will appear negligible'.

LEONARD WOOLF

# Life and Death of the Rabbit

The Rabbit. By H. V. Thompson and A. N. Worden. Collins (New Naturalist Special Volume). 16s.

'NEXT TO MAN and his domestic animals, rabbits are the prime architects of our landscape. They feed on one type of seedling and it dies; they avoid that of another species and it thrives. Few trees can regenerate where rabbits abound; and most scrub survives but by their courtesy and the favour of mild winters'. An animal that has so profoundly influenced the countryside for many centuries, and then has suddenly been practically removed, is a splendid subject for a modern monograph covering all aspects of its biology. The publishers of this excellent book are to be congratulated upon securing the co-operation of its expert authors, who have been personally engaged in research on problems in the biology of the rabbit for some years.

With the coming of myxomatosis public attention was for the first time seriously focused upon the rabbit, its economic status, and the methods of controlling it. The matter was unfortunately not always considered in an entirely objective fashion, and prejudices and feelings were aroused that led to needless argument. The authors of this work discuss the occurrence and results of the disease in an entirely scientific and dispassionate manner, and bring forward all the facts supporting both sides in the regrettable controversy that arose about it. The facts show without doubt that the decimation of the rabbit population of the country has been an unmixed blessing. The gods of Olympus might well indulge in a cynical smile over a country that had been vainly spending untold thousands of pounds in attempts to control the rabbit pest passing legislation to prohibit the use of the one effective means of control fortuitously released from Pandora's box. And the smile might fade, leaving only cynicism, on reflecting that if myxomatosis had been a disease of the rat instead of the rabbit not one hysterical squawk of protest would have been heard. Kindness to animals means kindness to nice animals.

But this is by no means a book about myxomatosis; the disease is dealt with in its proper place and given the space its importance deserves both from the economic and the biological points of view, but the main part of the book is concerned with the life of the rabbit as a wild animal. Before the arrival of the disease the rabbit was one of the most prolific and abundant mammals in Britain—and one held in high regard by popular sentiment. 'Psychologists and behaviourists are fully aware of the appeal of the rabbit. Its popularity as a nursery toy, as a figure in childhood stories, and as a pet, are all indicative of the feelings it arouses in a very large proportion of human beings'. Introductory chapters deal with the classification and distribution throughout the world of the *Lagomorpha*, the order of mammals which includes the rabbits, hares, and pikas, and with the anatomy and physiology of the rabbit. It is surprising that in an animal so well known a new anatomical structure, the sensory pad in the nostril, should have been discovered only within the last decade. It is equally surprising that so important a physiological phenomenon as 'refection' or 'pseudo-rumination', although hinted at by writers for thousands of years, should at last have been definitely recorded in rabbits and hares and then almost totally forgotten for half a century until it was rediscovered just before the war.

Chapters follow on reproduction, in which the classical work of Professor Rogers Brambell and his colleagues at Bangor is well reviewed and correlated with the results obtained by other workers—although the rabbit 'is not quite so fecund as it is generally supposed to be, it is no mean performer'; and on behaviour and social organisation, based largely on the patient studies made by H. N. Southern on warrens of wild rabbits: 'the social organisation of the warren during the breeding season is built up from the territorial conservation of the does and the dominance of certain of the bucks'. Southern's work, too, is largely drawn upon in the chapter on ecology, which deals with rabbit warrens and burrows, the influence of rabbits on vegetation and plant succession, predators, and other matters. Rabbit grazing produces a very short turf which may degenerate to a covering of little more than moss valueless to domestic stock. But the rabbit is a choosey feeder and allows various worthless or even harmful weeds such as nettles, elder, bracken, ragwort and many others to flourish while consuming the valuable grasses. On the other hand the rabbit does keep in check two grasses that are unpalatable to sheep and cattle, the fescue grass and the upright brome, which may become dominant on steep unploughable slopes unless grazed heavily by stock. But the whole question of the effect of rabbit-grazing on the vegetation is a very complicated and interesting one and the authors devote some half dozen pages to outlining its main points which were so ably expounded by the late Sir Arthur Tansley.

The authors point out that the popular belief that wild animals are mostly healthy creatures, 'free from parasites and from infectious and other diseases, and subject only to accident, food-shortage, and the natural life span' is very wide of the mark, and the chapter on diseases and parasites provides most convincing evidence of the truth of this statement. Poor bunny is afflicted with parasites external and internal, from fleas to worms and flukes; and by diseases in addition to myxomatosis, from coccidiosis to syphilis. The book concludes with chapters on the immense damage done by rabbits to crop and grazing, on methods of control and rabbit trapping—'studies of trapped rabbits have been some of the most unpleasant investigations with which we have ever been concerned'—and on the legal aspects of the rabbit's status as game and vermin. The last, however, does not make it clear that Lord Merthyr's Rabbits Bill which sought to make it an offence 'to supply or obtain, or transport or turn loose live wild rabbits' never became law.

The volume is provided with numerous useful text figures and diagrams and is embellished with eight interesting photographic plates. It also contains an appendix of statistical tables, a glossary, an extensive bibliography, and a good index. It is a most welcome work that brings together practically everything that is known about one of the most important members of our mammalian fauna, and sets it forth in a lucid and very readable manner. It will be the standard book on the subject for many years, and all naturalists, up-to-date farmers, and landowners will want to possess it.



A rabbit, about one month old. Below: a myxomatous rabbit  
From 'The Rabbit'



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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Instructive Entertainment

IF I MAY OBTRUDE a personal emotion here, the programme which cast the longest shadow last week was a repeat of 'The Waiting People', the United Nations film about the refugee camps of Europe, a sombre challenge to conscience and an indictment of statesmen, and perhaps even more so of politicians, everywhere. Made for 'The World Is Ours' series, which has confronted us with some of the most pressing international problems, it is a highly creditable record of a discredit-

Bevan's guard, for instance, proved to be too easily resistant to his thrusts, such as they were. He came a little more closely to grips with Hugh Gaitskell but one wished, for the sake of television rather than for politics, that he was not obliged to wear the B.B.C.'s velvet glove. There was immaturity of thought in requiring the leader of



Peter West (seated) with models at the National Fabric Fair, televised from the Royal Albert Hall on October 2

able part of our present human situation.

Its poignant urgency was not matched in any of the themes presented to us from Blackpool. On four nights of the week apparitions of democracy visited our screens in a series of not invariably good quality films from the Labour Party conference there. Those viewers who are susceptible to proxy thinking no doubt found them rewarding alike to prejudice and curiosity. Others who prefer to think for themselves and who stayed on to watch and to listen will agree that the B.B.C. facilities were efficiently disposed and exploited, as no doubt they will be, too, for the Conservative Party conference which is to come. Like all conferences, this one had its dull passages for viewers and, as television, the better part for us was in David Butler's summaries of events beyond the camera's range and in the interviews which likewise rounded off the nightly report. Christopher Chataway showed keen competence in his interviewing role and we responded to his pleasantly assured manner. At the same time, we were not convinced that his political insight was ripe enough for the occasion. Aneurin

the Transport and General Workers' Union, Frank Cousins, to answer the question: 'You are a powerful man?' What Mr. Cousins has, one suspects, is influence rather than power, which in the individual, anyhow, is a contradiction of the democratic idea.

Quick decision was doubtless called for in choosing the various excerpts from the day's debates for projection so soon afterwards, and the results were apt to be confusing in terms of personal value. We none the less appreciated the chance of seeing (from the comfort of an armchair) some of the men and women who aspire to command our future. As those broadcasts from Blackpool were not intended merely to bemuse us with pictures, it is permissible to state one's feelings about the conference, viewed from afar. It is that the Labour Party is bedevilled by intellectual sympathy, a far from admirable sentiment, and that behind the exalted enthusiasm there persists the begrudging doctrine that while the employed class of man has grown up the employing class has not.

If the Labour Party conference made some clearings in the political jungle, a larger audience, one could believe, awaited the first programme in the new 'Zoo Quest' series which took us into the Borneo jungle and, on the whole, provided better enter-



Manager and Captain of the M.C.C. touring team, in 'Sportsview' on October 3; Freddie Brown (left) with Peter May



As seen by the viewer: 'Zoo Quest for a Dragon' on October 5—a Dyak child, and Charlie, an orang-outang

John Curr

tainment. David Attenborough was back with more travel film, more news of personal adventures, and an orang-outang. It may be fair to see succeeding programmes before commenting on any of them. For the moment, we will agree that the first instalment was interesting in all its particulars and that Charles Lagus' filming was always compelling to the eye. Did the expedition miss the quiet enthusiasm of Jack Lester, who died from illness contracted during the last one, to British Guiana? Some of us were aware of him as a lost presence which bestowed authority on programmes that have gone before. We saw, anyhow, that recent ardours and endurances have not dimmed the Attenborough charm, which can make wondering watchers of us all. Once again the producer brought in incidental music, which has blotched previous 'Zoo Quest' programmes. The nuisance this time was minor but still unadult. A monkey eating an egg does not inevitably demand the Disney treatment. The subtitle of the new series is '... for a Dragon'. When we finally catch up with the creature, it will probably be introduced with a flourish of arpeggios from the Grove Family signature tune.

'Panorama' recalled us to a sense of responsibility as citizens who may yet have to face the possibility of attack by atomic war-makers 'Asian Club', with the atomic-energy administrator, Sir Christopher Hinton, as guest, brought before us two Japanese students who could look us all in the eye on that subject. Television as communication demonstrated its hemispheric sweep when it showed us Kenneth

Matthews, of the news department in London, talking to another B.B.C. news man in New York about the Security Council meeting on Suez which had just ended. It gave us vivid background material for our next morning's newspaper reading. 'Sportsview' entertained us with boxing that was sometimes more notable for Harry Carpenter's deft commentary than for science. Aidan Crawley's industrial survey, 'The Edge of Success', inquired whether industry has to face too many restrictions and left us with little doubt that it has. Like Woodrow Wyatt of 'Panorama', he presents the peculiarly English anomaly of a socialist making a television success largely because he has a tory style. Still more odd is the fact that no comparable television success has been registered on the tory side.

Harvest Festival, televised from Edington parish church in Wiltshire, was diversified by film flashback to the kindred rites of Rogation Sunday and Lammas-

side. It was a poetic touch which refreshed more than our memories of the Christian year.

REGINALD POUND

## DRAMA

### Bleeker Street Blues

BLEEKER THAN WHAT? it will be asked. And there is no answer. This column ought to be headed 'Opera', or opera was the great event of the week for the second week running. No escape from that. The Groves are home from their hol, like giants exhausted. A stylish and idiomatic 'David Copperfield' goes its way as well as staged Dickens ever can. Yet it is inescapably another operatic week. The B.B.C. did proud by the British *première* of a new opera by Menotti called 'The Saint of Bleeker Street', a work which had a tremendous press and a long run in New York, an interested reception in Berlin, and the usual hard tussle at a Scala, Milan, where they don't really truthfully like anything but Verdi—the earlier the better too.

But how think you it went with the Great British Public? The trouble is we shall never know: when pressed to say what it thinks nowadays the G.B.P. bursts into nervous silence, once it headily and sturdily cried 'Fiddlesticks!' or 'Tripe!' What does seem to have been achieved, and we must congratulate B.B.C. television thereon, is a wooing and winning over of a number of people to whom the word opera is like a howl of pain, something to be away from as fast as possible. The tone deaf old telly critic of that famous newspaper, a girl who 'likes ballet but not opéra', the man in the office downstairs, were all agreeing next morning that if this is what opera was, it, like a James Dean film with Vittorio de Sica thrown in, then they could see something in it.

Not, of course, that the dread word was even said. The announcer simply said, in a wily, sly kind of way, 'And now for our music drama! Music drama! There came a faint smirking sound from Bayreuth direction where Wagner and his wife could be heard shifting uneasily in their graves. This was no more music drama, within the strict meaning of the word, than Cav. and Pag., 'Suor Angelica', 'The Wreath of the Madonna', and the sound track of 'The Naked City'. If it sounds better to the television public to talk of music drama when you mean veristic, *grand guignol* melodramatic opera; if it keeps them happier if you say a 'musical' when all you mean is an operetta, by all means let the deception be practised. But do not let Mr. Menotti run away with the idea that he has in any true sense written a music drama. He has written an opera and a rather derivative one at that, quite song in crude dramatic situations à la 'Cavalleria Rusticana', and awash with relativity à la 'Suor Angelica' and given idiomatic piquancy by being set in modern dress in the *demi-monde* of New York slums we know so well from Edward G. Robinson films. But the music as music only underpins the dramatic situations, it does not *per se* develop them, as in real music drama. What Tristan and Isolde say to each other could be put on the back of an envelope: it is their musical development which creates that stupendous air. Menotti uses music on the contrary like a bandmaster of the Old Surrey or the sound-track maestro of the cinema, to intensify. Very often one had the impression that



'The Grove Family' on October 3; left to right: Nan Brauntion as Miss Jones, Peter Bryant as Jack, Sam Jephcott as Rodney, and Nancy Roberts as Gran

the music, at a given moment of crisis, was quite happy to scream the first thing that came into its head. There were some set pieces, hymnlike; there was Menotti's usual Puccini-pace dialogue which though presumably written in English always sounds as if it were translated from Italian (by the way, perhaps it is, for Menotti has retained his Italian nationality, I learn) and there is the *arioso* style, which one critic, I see, thinks the most singable music being written today (if I understood rightly) but which sounds to my dull ears like the duller parts of Bargemaster Michele of 'Il Tabarro', rambling on *ad lib.* For one who loves 'Louise', 'Tosca', and 'La Gioconda' in about equal proportions I have to admit to finding this opera, as opera, pretty dull: and by no means well suited to the screen (as was 'Amahl and the Night Visitors').

The performance and production are other matters, and here one can praise with a good conscience. Musically, a rich sonority was achieved (defective in many televised operas). Thomas Schippers, who conducted the piece in New York, obtained magnificent response from the orchestra, chorus, and bit parts alike; and the main foursome were as good as you



Virginia Copeland as Anna and Raymond Nilsson as Michele in 'The Saint of Bleeker Street' on October 4

could want. Virginia Copeland who played the title role of the doomed, ecstatic slum girl in New York gave a performance vocally and histrionically of real power, suggesting a passionate sincerity and dumb pain; Raymond Nilsson, in a Marlon Brando jerkin and a splendid teddy-boy coiffure, sang and acted with great conviction all the way up the scale from *quasi parlano* to *tutta forza*; as the bad girl, Rosalind Elias might have walked straight out of one of those Italian films about Lust and Lust, where skirts are worn tight and looks are worn contemptuous. There was, of course, also the priest, our old friend Jess Walters, as dignified as some *padre guardiano* in a Verdi opera. But the biggest credit of all goes to Rudolf Cartier for his production, which punched home all the local colour and realistic detail, kept the picture moving and at the same time did not take the fatal easy way most screeners of opera do, that of retreating from the essential thing

—the sight of vocalisation. We had the singers singing and full blast at us. And, as we discovered in the blitz, we could take it.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Going to Extremes

TOWARDS THE END of 'Crime on Goat Island' (Third) I began to think about the story that (with 'Count Magnus' and 'The Silver Mask' by other hands) most terrifies me: I mean, Poe's 'The Cask of Amontillado' in which Montresor traps the drunken Fortunato in the catacombs and bricks him up alive. At the last, Poe makes the doomed man cry out in italics. Ugo Betti's Angelo is also crying in italics by the time the play is ending. He is not chained to a wall but marooned in a deep well within a house on Goat Island, wherever that may be. There he is, as snug as any condemned man in his obitette. Altogether, on Sunday, we passed a cheerful couple of hours among what a poet has called 'the lying, and the lust, and the drink', though I had a feeling that Signor Betti might have intended something more than the sultrian melodrama.

This is quite the worst of his plays we have had so far. It goes to its heated extreme without making us care about the past, present, or future of the three women on the remote farm, or the unpleasant fellow who has thrust himself upon them, turning them to his 'flock'. There is plenty of atmosphere—as torrid as, let us say, that in two such different plays as 'The House of Bernarda Alba' and 'White Cargo', but it does not add to anything much. True, the last few minutes have a grating horror, the rest is merely violence under the blazing sun, or within the lonely house with the well. In performance, Fay Compton's quiet voice could scourge, but I could not feel much more than sympathy for Trader Faulkner who had to play the parasitic, sex-obsessed visitor with his chats on sin, his way with women, and his fate in the shaft. Henry Reed's version and John Gibson's production kept the essential atmosphere, but I doubt whether the play was worth their trouble.

I was affected far more certainly by the late James Lansdale Hodson's 'The Case of Private Hamp' (Home), a stern memory of the first world war. Kipling has a frightening epigram on the soldier who, afraid of Death, was 'led to him, blindfold and alone'. But Private Hamp was no coward: the play about him is a tragedy of imagination and the lack of it, a story that

could not have been told in any other fashion, and one that, produced by Francis Dillon with a full sense of the situation, was acted simply and movingly by Eric Portman and Noel Johnson as defending officer and condemned man.

In 'The Seraphina' (Third) we went to an extreme of fantasy—to a morality, or a series of allegories about a voyage into the unknown. Though he can haunt us at times like an earlier poet's 'We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea', George Barker refuses to speak plainly. In this journey round the human heart he manages occasionally to impress us (with the aid of Lennox Berkeley's music and Douglas Cleverdon's production), but too often he is communing with himself and leaving us in despair. The most exciting stroke is the appearance of the head of bright-haired Orpheus, floating far out in a trackless ocean and singing in the voice of Alfred Deller. Cyril Casack and Norman Shelley were others gallantly engaged.

Over now to extended satire, 'The Memoirs of Mrs. Cramp' (Third). I heard two further instalments which left me feeling that those witty Gemini, Angus Wilson and Christopher Sykes, had worried too hard at the old jokes. We have had so many psychiatrists; although Cyril Shaps was portentous as the latest one ('Betjemania is getting very common'), we knew him rather too well. I enjoyed odd moments, especially when Ronald Simpson, author of 'My Lady Obleeges', was around in his wig, or when Patience Collier was confiding to us that she and the Awful Animal (her cat), who both lived close to the natural rhythms of life, were the only wise creatures in the house. I became confused by the business about a potential Mary Rose festival in Glasgow. But it was clear that Messrs. Wilson and Sykes were having a good time, and we would look in now and then and show that there was no ill-will. It is open to the Dales to retaliate by listening to the Third.

Our old friends, the ancients, are back in 'Just Fancy' (Home), panting and puffing as before like a pair of shunting-engines hopelessly mixed on the points. Eric Barker and Deryck Guyler are the grand old men of radio: I never weary of Mr. Guyler's way of spreading out his sentences as if he were making pancake batter. The rest of the programme had the usual friendly extravagance.

We go from extremes to the gentle sanity of R. C. Sherriff's cricket comedy, 'Badger's Green' (Light), and to the domestic flit-flutter of 'Morning's at Seven' (Home), an American comedy that seemed to me as tedious on the air as on the stage, though the conversationally arid girl-friend (Tucker McGuire) has her moments. Margaret Vines sought loyally to endear us to Aunt Aaronetta, whose name is horribly shortened to 'Arry'.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Criticism and Controversy

THE MOST STIMULATING talk of the week, for the purposes of introducing new ideas and reactivating old ones, was the first of a series by Helen Gardner under the general title 'The Limits of Literary Criticism'. Her immediate subject was biblical criticism, and she was concerned to show that the habit of mind of our age was to look for 'mystical or true meanings' as Origen and Augustine did, an outlook that Jowett believed the world had outgrown. Her illustration was the Old Testament story of Noah. She explained the meaning of the symbol of the drunken Noah in the Sistine Chapel and on the Doge's Palace in Venice by showing that Noah is, in both places, set against Adam, because he is the type of the second Adam which is Christ; Noah's drunkenness thus symbolises the draining of the cup of the

Passion; Ham, who looked on his father's nakedness, is the type of the unbeliever; and Shem and Japheth, who covered him, are those who properly seek to look only through the veil of the Sacrament.

Undoubtedly Miss Gardner is right in saying that the mystical has become 'extremely sympathetic' to our age; we must equally admit that 'true meaning' may not be that which a writer consciously intended. But it would be helpful if, in her following talks, she made clear where she herself stands. To accept, for instance, Augustine's interpretation of the Noah story means accepting that its author's ability to 'know' more than he knew he knew included precognitive knowledge. Is Miss Gardner asking us to accept that this is so, or only that Augustine believed it to be so?

Reasoned anger, unblocked by considerations of expediency, is a pleasure the wireless all too rarely gives us. Mary Scruton's review of *The New Outline of Modern Knowledge* was the most enjoyable example of this that I can remember hearing. Not to mince words, less elegantly than Miss Scruton didn't mince them, she thought the book stank. In a cool, angry voice she told us that the intention of the book was plainly to enable readers to keep up with the Hampstead joneses (*sic*), who, having learned from *Vogue* what people were talking about, might want a more solid background to today's modish thought. Her anger rose to what seemed a well-justified pitch when she arraigned the editor's attitude to philosophy. Nothing, she ended contemptuously, can at this time of day be 'both an outline and modern and knowledge'. Except for her use of 'both' in this last phrase, there was nothing to fault in this expression of strong feeling capably justified, and it made us realise how often we lose, not gain, by determined attempts fairly to present both sides of a case.

Controversy is, however, an integral part of the new Home Service series, 'Our Present Discontents', though the first programme might lead the listener to ask whether Malcolm Muggeridge is here using his undoubted talent for cut-and-thrust to the best interests of the discussion. This began with an unusually well-shaped statement by Asa Briggs, the kind that can be taken down in tabular form and so easily recalled during the subsequent argument. Donald Tyerman, the editor of *The Economist*, clearly retained this shape in mind, and offered his own arguments in the same pattern—or rather, tried to, for Muggeridge, who seemed completely untouched by it, persisted in interruptions, forever dragging the argument down to detail before the general statements had been completed. Tyerman, however, went doggedly on, with Muggeridge like a terrier hanging at his throat, and there were some entrancingly funny moments when Tyerman's rather heavy voice boomed against a background noise that can fairly be described as 'Muggeridge in thwarted objection'. If only Muggeridge had waited with his particulars until the general statements had been completed, his intelligent persistence would have given just the right liveliness and balance to a series that promises to be both elucidating and stimulating on our economic difficulties. And I don't think I am being unfair, since Muggeridge was the speaker I most agreed with.

It was hard to see why 'The Archaeologist', which, in the first of three programmes, dealt with American pre-history, needed three voices. Adrian Digby, the principal speaker (who has, incidentally, a very pleasant voice) obviously knew the material proffered by his two companions, one of whom, at least, seemed to be reading his script. No discussion took place, and only advantage could have ensued by replacing the three-man forum with a talk by

Digby alone. His manner of assuming intelligent interest in his listeners was very refreshing—'I expect you have read Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* and *Conquest of Peru*'; '—in case there are any listeners who haven't heard of Carbon 14 dating—'. For those, like myself, who had begun to feel that Folsom points were coming up so often that we really ought to do something about finding out what they were, this programme was most timely.

MARGHANITA LASKI

[Mr. Martin Armstrong is on holiday]

## MUSIC

### Gala Week

TO CELEBRATE its tenth birthday, the Third Programme has commissioned a number of works from composers, British and foreign. The first of them, a String Quartet by Kenneth Leighton, was played by the Aeolian Quartet on Monday of last week, and, if all the other contributors to the series acquit themselves as well as Mr. Leighton, the Third will have made one more signal contribution to the sum of our musical experience. At the same time, it struck me as odd that, a work of such merit having been obtained, it should have been put on the air at a time when it would be likely to reach the smallest audience.

Fortunately, Leighton's music is not of the kind to tax the listener severely. The composer is a traditionalist, which is not to say an academic pedant. He uses the traditional language of music, but finds new things to say with it—which may not be as difficult as making up a new language and then succeeding in the use of it as a means of communication, but is apt to be more immediately rewarding to the audience. The Quartet opens astringently enough, but out of its dissonance comes beautiful, flowing melody, romantic if you will, but not quite like any other composer's. The slow movement, too, is in the romantic lyrical vein of which Leighton has already shown his command in his violin and violoncello concertos. The finale seemed to me, at a first hearing and near midnight, less successful, tradition lapsing into convention. It sounded as if, having said what he wanted to say, the composer was falling back on the resources of his technical skill. These are ample for, whatever else may be said of it, the Quartet is beautifully written for the medium. It was given a capital performance.

During the week the 'Third' was altogether on the top of its form, thanks partly to birthday offerings from abroad. Radiotelevisione Italiana sent a performance of Verdi's 'Falstaff', of which more anon; America contributed a programme by the impeccable Juilliard Quartet; Belgium a concert of antique music directed by Safford Cape; and Switzerland a scholarly performance of Bach's 'Das musikalische Opfer' by the Basle Chamber Orchestra under Paul Sacher. And there were 'personal appearances' by Solomon who gave a performance of Schubert's Sonata in A that was a miracle of fluency and radiant melody, the Virtuosi di Roma who played concertos for various combinations of instruments by Vivaldi (including the one for two mandolines which was given two performances by Anthony Bernard a week before) and the Amadeus Quartet who, like the Aeolian, were relegated to the last place in the programme. And there was Giesecking who discussed Debussy as only he can, and Ravel as though he were Debussy.

Then there was Sir Thomas Beecham to outdo the philosophers of old who 'made the worse cause appear the better', in an English production of Bizet's perversions of 'The Fair Maid of Perth', to which Mattiwilda Dobbs contributed so brilliant a performance of the ridiculous 'mad-scene' (pale reflection of Ophelia's 'Pil

'blonde', which is pale enough!) that it was highly enjoyable, if never for a moment dramatically convincing.

'Falstaff', a real masterpiece, needs no such advocacy, but it does need better singing than some members of the Italian cast gave us. However, the Falstaff (Giuseppe Taddei) was first-rate, savouring withunction the rich humours of the part, while really singing it with style. He could, perhaps, have made more of the monologue at the beginning of Act III and certainly of Falstaff's fear of the dark as the clock strikes twelve. Stabile used to make 'mezza otte' sound as if he were turned to jelly. Bar-

bieri's Quickly, too, was excellent, communicating the earthly relish of his Shakespearean original. And both Dr. Caius and Bardolph were well characterised. The rest were good competent performances, and nowhere more competent than in the ensembles which Serafin took at a tremendous pace, indeed reducing those in the garden-scene to a gabble. Neither singer caught and held for our delight the brief raptures of Nanetta and young Fenton.

A rich week ended with a relay from the other Scala Theatre in Soho of Lennox Berkeley's new one-act opera, 'Ruth', a pastoral rather than a drama which seemed to be losing little by

being deprived of its theatrical setting. But if there is not much dramatic tension, there is plenty of beautiful music, especially in the duets and trios and the choruses, to make up for it. Berkeley always writes well for voices, even as he writes limpidly for the orchestra. And he was well served by the company, headed by Anna Pollak and Peter Pears, directed by Charles Mackerras. So the new work cast its spell upon one, the more potently as it is obviously inspired, like Tippett's 'A Child of Our Time', by pity for the uprooted lives of today, of whom Ruth is the biblical prototype.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Tone-Row at Home

By HANS KELLER

short series of Schönberg's chamber music in the Third Programme will include the Fourth Quartet (this evening, October 11, at 6.20 p.m.), the Serenade (Monday, October 15, at 8.35 p.m.), and the String Trio (Thursday, October 25, at 6.30 p.m.)

His searching 'Letter to a Young Composer' (THE LISTENER, September 13), Edmund Rubbra unfortunately accepted the universal legend of Schönberg's didactic twelve-tone system: 'My only quarrel with Schönberg and Hindemith is that they are stemmers: . . . they have proclaimed their discoveries as a system for other composers to follow'. So far as Schönberg is concerned, there is no system and there is no proclamation. Together, he published two pieces on his method, both elementary, both strictly auto-biographical, and neither prompted from within. One was a brief letter (1937) which Nicolas Slonimsky had invited for inclusion in his book, *Music Since 1900*; the other was originally delivered as a lecture (1941) at the University of California at Los Angeles. And while Schönberg was a passionate teacher, he never taught his own method, nor did he as much as talk about it to such congenial friends as Roger Sessions or Otto Klemperer. In fact, though he foresaw his method's future, he considered it, for the present, a 'family affair', a personal technique of unification whose imitation he positively discouraged.

Who, then, created the legend of the twelve-tone system? The twelve-tone theorists. On the whole, Schönberg loathed them. About one of the most prominent among them he wrote half a year before his death (his English): 'He is one of those non-musicians, who look at my music only for the twelve notes—not realising in the least its musical contents, expression and merits. He is very stupid . . .' For Schönberg as distinct from the systematising dodecaphonies, the twelve notes were a private affair because their treatment depended on their arrangement, and their arrangement depended on his melodic invention—on old-fashioned inspiration, in fact, which is why the mathematical pseudo-neo-Webernites condescendingly speak of his 'music-making rows' (*musizierreihen*), a term one gladly accepts. In a letter to Josef Rufer (February 5, 1951), Schönberg wrote: 'The original idea of a row invariably occurs to me in the form of a thematic character' (my translation).

As a result, although the row is treated as a thematic unit, which means that it is not committed to the rhythm in which it makes its first appearance, it often coincides with a basic thematic entity to begin with. All four movements of the Fourth Quartet, of which I quote the opening below, with the first half of the row in the first violin, are cases in point, though the row will not so easily be heard at the outset of the quasi-minuet or the finale, because there is distributed between the parts of the re-

spective basic shapes. But in the recitative-like theme of the slow movement, the complete row, in octave unison and transposed to C, will be clearly perceived. (The basic set can be gathered from the numbers in my music example.)

One thing will already be evident to the most uninitiated: every relatively unimportant note in this kind of invention is more important than every relatively unimportant note in Beethoven's Ninth. But so, for all that, is every relatively unimportant note in Beethoven's own String Quartet, Op. 127: chamber music is the art of the subordinate part and the death of the filling-in note as such. 'I am a chamber music man', said Stravinsky when he started on his serial ventures which have now culminated in his first twelve-tone music, the 'Canticum Sacrum'; and Schönberg, who as a boy played string quartets before he knew there were any (producing, that is to say, his own quartet arrangements), has recorded every decisive step in the development of his creative mind, and in particular of his serial method, in chamber-musical terms. There is indeed another, textural sense in which serialism is a 'family affair'.

While the tone-row is primarily melodic and the serial method, therefore, primarily contrapuntal, it would be an over-simplification to say that this is the sole reason why serial music delights in expressing itself in chamber-musical textures. In fact, at any rate in regard to classical and romantic music, the common belief that the string quartet is necessarily more contrapuntal than the symphony is an illusion. What is true is that, in a quartet, accompaniment parts tend to make more sense in themselves than in a symphony, as everybody knows who has practised lower parts in either genre. René Leibowitz has suggested, somewhat extravagantly, that the term 'polyphony' be applied to all music that is not monodic. I think we may avail ourselves of the point behind his eccentricity and extend the denotation of 'polyphony' beyond that of counterpoint, so as to include harmonic music whose part-writing consistently transcends the realm of mere homophony. In this sense, then, the string quartet is a polyphonic medium, and Schönberg's twelve-tone music remains polyphonic even at its most harmonic, as for instance in the principal section of the first subject from the opening movement of the Fourth Quartet,



where the chords not only complement the first violin's melodic exposition of the row (the first three notes are accompanied by all the rest, and so are the second three, the third three, and the last three), but are also determined by the meaningful movement of the separate parts.

The three chamber works to be played in the forthcoming series represent climaxes in Schönberg's development. The Serenade (1923) marks the transition from his pre-dodecaphonic serial thought to his twelve-tone music proper. The antecedent of the theme of the third movement's variations, for example—a single line, easy to grasp—coincides with a 14-tone row which, however, does not contain a B. The retrograde version of the row forms the consequent, which ensues after a pause and rest. The fourth movement, on the other hand, a setting of Petrarch's 217th Sonnet for a low male voice, is already real twelve-tone music, though this time the row (without inversions or reversions) does not coincide with a thematic entity.

The texture of the Fourth and last Quartet (1936) recalls Schönberg's remark that in each successive quartet he felt himself coming nearer to the Mozartean ideal of chamber music. The outer movements are composed against a sonata and rondo background respectively. I do not know of a better modern quartet.

Schönberg's only String Trio (1946), created at top speed while he was recovering from an all but fatal illness, introduces his last, intimate, inward period and, formally, reverts to his life-long preoccupation—the compression of several movements into one; its so-called 'strict' twelve-tone method is handled with unsurpassable freedom. Perhaps Schönberg's subtlest achievement altogether, this is possibly the greatest chamber music since Beethoven and certainly the greatest string trio since Mozart.

In his statement of aims for Schönberg's 'Society for Private Musical Performances' in Vienna (1919), Alban Berg explains that 'to attain its goal three things are necessary: (1) clear, well-rehearsed performances; (2) frequent repetitions; (3) the performances must be removed from the corrupting influence of publicity . . .' The trend towards chamber-musical conditions is obvious. It is indeed possible that in order to be thoroughly assimilated, Schönberg's tone-rows will have to be driven home in a literal sense, that his chamber music will have to return to the chamber and become the kind of 'family affair' which overcomes or minimises the difference between playing and listening, and narrows the gap between composing and playing. The musical chamber is the place, not where you count the twelve notes, but where every note counts.

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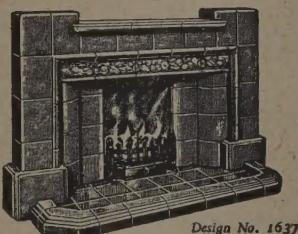
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# Storing Apples at Home

By C. P. NORBURY

NE main factor in the storage of apples is that they should be picked at the right time. If an apple will come off the tree when it is lifted and twisted, it is about right. Another indication is when the apples start to blow off the tree. The mistake is often made of picking apples too soon and before they have developed their flavour—and apples picked too early do not store well.

It is essential when picking the apples that they should not be bruised, and it is most important that no apples should be kept for storage where the stalk has been pulled out. It is only worth while storing those apples which are perfect and not bruised or showing any signs of blemish. From my own observations it is most important how the fruit is handled from the tree to the place of storage. Bruises are the most common cause of fruit not keeping. Regarding the room for storage, the cooler the better, and if possible the temperature should be seven. The cellar is probably the best place because it is dark, and apples do not store well in the light. A spare bedroom or attic are good places but the attic must not get hot. I think the most convenient container is a second-hand quato or peach tray which can be bought in a retail greengrocery shop. They are useful because you can stack them up and save space. In preference the fruit should be in single layers in the trays for easy inspection. If an apple shows signs of decay it can be taken out and used, if not too far gone. I do not think it necessary to wrap apples—it may lengthen their storage but it is better to keep out the dirt by covering the trays with newspaper.

Apples go rotten owing to various types of fungus diseases. These can enter only where there is a broken skin, and that is why I

emphasise that apples must not be bruised. Fungus spores can enter through the tiniest crack. The commonest rot is brown rot; then there is grey mould where the apple goes soft and runny; and a green mould can be formed which is one of the strains of the fungus penicillin. Rotten apples must be removed from the trays otherwise they will pass on the rot to their neighbours. It is ideal to prevent them touching, but if the apples are absolutely sound, it does not matter if they touch.

The best dessert garden apples to store are Laxton's Superb, which should keep until February, and Cox's Orange Pippin, which should keep until the beginning of December. I have found, however, that practically all varieties, with the exception of the very early ones, will store reasonably well, provided the room in which they are kept is fairly cool and not subject to violent temperature fluctuations.

One of the best apples for cooking is Bramley Seedling, but it is one of the worst for bruising. Very great care must be taken with this good-keeping variety. Probably the best cooking apple for storage is Newton Wonder. When kept until Christmas time it sweetens up and becomes quite a good dessert apple. It can be stored until well into February.

It is always better to use the larger apples first as the smaller apples tend to keep longer. Naturally, apples will not keep for ever, and if an apple had a brain with which to think its main object would be to decay eventually so that the pips could be planted and another tree raised. Every apple has a definite span of life, some varieties keeping longer than others. Usually the last ones to become ripe are the best sorts to keep.—*Woman's Hour*’

## Crossword No. 1,376.

### The Clock.

By Vectis

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Posting date: first post on Thursday, October 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, stating 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

The diagram represents a clock in which each numeral is replaced by a spot which, in turn, is the geometric centre of a ring. Each ring is serviced by a double clue: the first part of each clue points to the 'hour' at which the light of the second part of the clue must be entered.

Each hour clue has a numerical association, and this number indicates the ring in which the light is to be entered. The eleven-lettered lights must be fitted in their respective rings in a clockwise direction and, to facilitate checking, they should be readable without the diagram having to be rotated.

#### CLUES

The life of a wonder: Placated Azure, Saturday and amber are associated with it in numerology: A captious censor

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ADDRESS.....

## Notes on Contributors

LIONEL ROBBINS, C.B. (page 535): Professor of Economics, London University since 1929; author of *The Theory of Economic Policy in English Classical Political Economy*, *The Economist in the Twentieth Century* and *Other Lectures in Political Economy*, etc.

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MAURICE CRANSTON (page 567): historian, author of *Freedom—A New Analysis*, *Human Rights Today*, *The Philosopher's Hemlock*, etc.

ROMNEY SEDGWICK (page 579): historian; editor of *Letters from George III to Lord Bute, Lord Hervey's Memoirs*, etc.

When white rabbits are the vogue: Vanquisher of the Chimaera, Solymi, and Amazons Burke's epithet for the Press: Of a theory of society?

Take it as read! Peter's was 'pathetic'; Ludwig's 'bucolic': 'Gaily the —— Touch'd his guitar' ('Welcome Me Home') (answer in plural)

The feast day of the Saint born in Sabaria, Pannonia: Ravenswood's faithful butler (surname)

When Catesby's colleague is remembered: He's quite at home among snakes in the grass

Janus: 'To furnish him with all ——s Belonging to his honour' ('Henry V')

Christians who slept for 200 years: Amorous Pickwickian (two words)

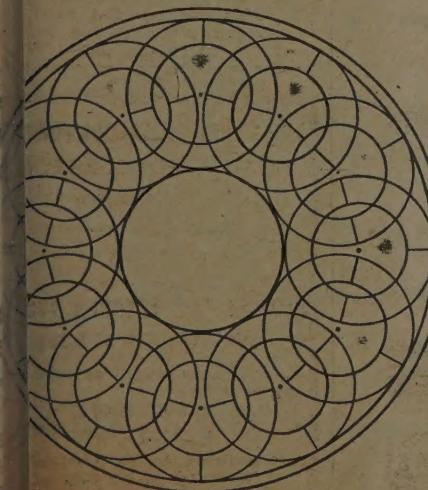
As twenty-five is to silver, this is to tin: Meditate on. When grousers may lose restraint: Made unattractive, perhaps

Aramis; Alias a perennial Christmas game

## Solution of No. 1,374

GRE	VAL	TEPARANG
LAC	HE	SNERVINE
ET	SAR	NARKARIL
ENTRY	UTTER	TEA
QUART	DEUCE	ACT
INSY	GEOSURGEI	
NDIS	SMELNO	BO
SISTPA	SEATEEN	
ONEYER	BOATER	
LEVANT	TAWLEGMA	
EPECEER	REGUAN	
NORMA	LINALVALID	
TATER	WAGERENE	

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